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## THE RAPPAREE.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

### CHAPTER III.

At the period of our narrative, there was no such body in Ireland as a constabulary or police of any kind, either to preserve the peace of the country, or to repress the local outrages which were continually breaking out in it. All this duty—and a harassing one it was—devolved upon the country magistrates and private gentlemen, aided by the military, who were called upon to discharge the duties of our present police, as well as those of soldiers. At this period, too, the country was overrun and ravaged by lawless bands of Rapparees, and the still more atrocious body of Tories, the latter of whom spared neither life nor property in their merciless depredations. With them religion, of which they were as ignorant as the brutes about them, was no safeguard whatever. The Catholic was robbed and slaughtered with as little remorse as the Protestant, whilst among the Rapparees, on the other hand, there was moderation and forbearance—the great and established principle on which they acted being, never to shed blood unless in defence of life, and under no circumstances to injure or maltreat any one of the female sex, no matter what their rank or condition in life might be. The humanity of this regulation, however, was due to the celebrated individual who drew up the rules of their conduct, and by whose skill and ability they were organized and commanded. The discipline which he established was scarcely ever violated, and whenever it happened to be so, the offending party was severely punished, and in some cases handed over to the laws of the land. The reader may think this a strange and imprudent proceeding on the part of the Rapparees, as it might be naturally apprehended that such individuals would, as a matter of course, betray their accomplices to the government, from a principle of vengeance against them, as well as to secure their own pardon. This, however, is a mistake; because the government had, from day to day, exact information regarding them, so that very little could be added to it, even by one of themselves. They shifted their positions perpetually, and scarcely ever remained twenty-four hours in the same place, so that the information of to-day was of no earthly use for to-morrow. The government of the day, besides, was rather imbecile, and although the Duke of Ormond issued many severe proclamations against them, containing offers of large rewards for the apprehension of their

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leader, yet for many a long year he could boast of but very slender success. Be this as it may, at the time we write of, whatever military forces lay in Ireland were scattered over the kingdom at large, in order to be able to check the outrages, and secure the depredators and murderers, if possible, wherever they appeared. The magistrates and other country gentlemen could not act either rigorously or safely without their aid, and hence their distribution, as we said, over the general surface of the country. For this reason, then, it so happened, that in the few barracks that were then to be found in Ireland, there generally remained but a small handful of men—just enough as was calculated to preserve the peace of the neighbourhood. The reader will soon perceive why we allude to these facts, which are well known to every reader of Irish history to be correct and authentic.

When the party who took away Rose Callan left her father's house, they turned—after passing along the *boreen* which led to it, and on reaching the highway—towards the town or city of Armagh. The poor girl's distraction was indescribable, and her grief such as ought to have excited compassion in any heart in which lay a single spark of humanity. Indeed it touched that of the man behind whom she sat.

"Oh where," she said, as well as her sobbing would permit her, "where, in God's name, are you bringing me? Are you a man? have you no compassion? You are a soldier, and ought to be brave—but surely no brave man would suffer himself to become an instrument in such a cruel and heartless outrage as this. Have you not the Rapparees and Tories to pursue; but what have either I or my family done that we should be treated as rebels and robbers? They are neither Rapparees nor Tories, but an innocent and inoffensive people, who conduct ourselves peaceably, and have never done or said anything against the government or the laws. As for the *Baccah*, we know nothing about him, except that he says he was at the siege of Limerick, but he is not a drop's blood to us, and why should we suffer for him? We only help him, and give him an odd night's lodging, like any other poor man that's forced to beg his bit."

"God help you, my poor girl," replied the man, considerably softened, "it was not for the *Baccah* we came. That *Baccah*'s a favourite in the barracks—and if I don't mistake, is a spy for the government against the Rapparees and Tories."

"He may be so," she replied, "and the greater villain he is for it."

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"How?" said the man. "Is it for serving the government of the country? That is dangerous talk."

"Whether for the government or against it," she replied, "every spy is a villain, and none but a villain would be a spy for any party; but what do I care about that? I ask again, where, in God's name, are you bringing me?"

"There is no use in telling you, my poor girl! I and those that are with me must do our duty."

"Duty!" she replied, indignantly, "Do you call dragging an unoffending girl, in the clouds of the night, away from her family, an act that comes within the duty of a soldier? If you be a man, you ought to blush for it. Why, what is the conduct of a spy to this? For God's sake let me go home—say I escaped, and that you could not find me in the darkness. If you do, and that you come to my father's house, he will reward you well for it."

They had been at this time a little in advance of the rest of the party, and the dragoon to whom she spoke put his horse to an easier pace, and was about, as she thought, to make some reply to this proposal, when the others, whether from accident or design, trotted up and joined them.

"Sergeant," said one of them, "what do you stop for?"

"Why, to get my snuff-box," he replied, "and to have a pinch. I'm danged but my nose is lost for the want of one."

"Very well," replied the ruffian, "take it, and remember that we have a sharp look out behind you here."

They then proceeded, but he continued gradually to advance a little ahead of them, after which Rose heard him say, as if in soliloquy:

"No, no—it can't be done—I dare not risk it. My dear girl," he added, "do not talk to me—I feel that it is out of my power to assist you. All I can say is, put your trust in God; but at the best it is a bad business, and I am sorry I had any hand in it."

"I am afraid," she replied, weeping bitterly, "that that is all that is left me—but it may be enough. I am innocent of any crime, and my faith in the Almighty is stronger than my fear of men; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, it may be that I carry my own remedy as well as his punishment about me—that is, if my suspicions are right, as I fear they are."

In due time they reached Armagh, where, with the exception of two or three, they separated, and contrived to get into the barracks one at a time. That they were not challenged on entering the gate resulted from the fact that Lucas had contrived to place upon guard some of his own favourite men, who were his creatures on similar occasions. In order to prevent all possibility of noise, Rose was hurried in between two men, one of whom tied a thick handkerchief over her mouth, in order to prevent her from crying out. The outrage, indeed, was a daring one, and at a first view as foolish and incautiously contrived as it was daring. The fact, however, was, that the barracks at the time were nearly vacant, not more than one or two companies being then

in occupation of them. The consequence was that Lucas, who knew that there were spare rooms enough in which to shut her up, had selected one in a remote position, and to which—as it and the others adjoining it were at the time uninhabited, though well furnished—he resolved to commit her, as being free from any intercourse with the inmates of the place. An old woman—a confidential wretch of his—was prepared to attend upon her, and under her guidance, and that of the two ruffians who had brought her into the barracks, she was hurried to the lonely room we have mentioned. Here she found candles, a fire, and every thing laid out for supper, not omitting two decanters of wine that stood upon the table. By the time she entered the room, she felt herself nearly suffocated, and would have swooned for want of breath had she not—now that her hands were free—at once removed the handkerchief from her mouth. Having done so, she panted violently several times, until at length she found herself able to breathe without difficulty, upon which she looked at the old crone, and her first words were—

"Are you a woman? have you the heart and feelings of a woman? Can you see such an outrage as this committed upon a young, inoffensive creature of your own sex? No; I can't think it possible. Oh you surely will have compassion upon me. I implore you, in the name of that God who is to judge you, to pity me. Oh enable me to escape from the villany of this man. As you hope for mercy, enable me to escape! My father is a wealthy man, and will reward you well if you do."

The vile old creature gave a grin, at first, by way of reply, but after a little she answered:

"Foolish girl, don't stand there crying and wringing your hands; what are you afraid of?—is it of one of the handsomest young gentlemen in his majesty's service? Pity! troth I have neither pity nor compassion for you, nor the good fortune that's waiting for you. I only wish I was your age, and as handsome as you are, and maybe I wouldn't think myself the happy girl if I was in your place. Here now, take a glass of wine, and it will comfort you and put you in good spirits. What's father or mother to the like of such a beautiful young fellow as Cornet Lucas? Come, my pretty girl, take this glass of wine and it will cheer you."

There are some individuals—especially old women, when they happen to be wicked, as was the case here—upon whose features and whole person there is legible and visible to the most inexperienced eye, such an unquestionable and diabolical spirit of iniquity, that by one glance at them we are as capable of understanding their character as being an acquaintance for years. The tones of her voice, too, afforded as strong and as decided a proof of her depravity as did her features. Altogether poor Rose felt that so far as the fiendish old wretch was concerned, there was no hope for her. She accordingly sat down on a chair, and maintained an unbroken silence to everything she said—a mode of proceeding which annoyed the vicious old crone to the quick. She felt that she was now treated with contempt, as well as with

hatred and indignation. Respect for the taste of our readers prevents us from detailing the infamous tendency of her conversation, and the vile scope of her arguments, in attempting to undermine the pure principles of this virtuous and beautiful creature. Rose, when she saw and felt the spirit of the female devil she had to deal with, never once opened her lips to her, as we have said. Neither did she now shed a tear. She saw there was a terrible trial before her, and her whole spirit was absorbed in its result. The girl was in despair, or very near it; but despair, even in cowards, has a courage that is often desperate: what, then, must it not be in a person who possesses strong natural courage, as was the case with her? Her tears, and the weakness which occasioned them, abandoned her; nay, her very fears, to a certain degree, left her, and she felt prepared, and almost anxious, for the coming trial, with a hope that it might end in her favour. Such, indeed, is true courage, especially when founded upon virtue and resolution; and shall we not add to this her strong confidence in the protection of God? At length the vicious old sibyl left her, and after having locked the door outside, Rose could hear her hated footsteps wending along the passage as she departed. Human nature is a strange mystery. Now that the wretch, bad as she was, had gone, Rose felt as if a portion of her strength and defence had departed with her. She did not think that anything in the shape of her own sex could be aught but a protection to her; and the terror which she had partially subdued, again returned upon her. The solitude of her position, and its remoteness from all human assistance, depressed her woefully. But again the thought of the Almighty, and a sense of His overruling providence, once more came to her support, and whilst in this state of mind she knelt down and prayed fervently to God, and with bitter tears of supplication besought His assistance. Having risen from her knees, she looked around the room and examined the windows, to try whether any mode of escape might present itself; but alas, the scrutiny was hopeless. The windows were secured and immovable, so far as she could ascertain, and resisted all her attempts to open them. Finding the melancholy and hopeless nature of her imprisonment she sat down, and again her courage and resolution returned to her. It seemed that her situation resembled the horrors of some troubled dream, and once or twice she pressed her temples, looked at her hands, rose up and sat down again, with a hope that it might be one of those dreadful phantasms which sometimes persecute us in our sleep, and which we feel as a reality until we escape and are relieved from them by awaking. These experiments satisfied her, however, that it was neither a dream nor an illusion, but a frightful and horrible truth. Whilst this awful agony wrought so terribly in her spirit, she heard the key of the door gently insinuating itself into the lock—she heard it turn—she heard the bolt shoot back, and the next moment Lucas entered the apartment. He immediately locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"My dear girl," said he, "what good angel brought

you here? If I knew his name I would pray to him."

"A better angel, sir," she replied, "will take me, I trust, safer out of this."

"He must be a very good one, then, and a great deal stronger than mine; for you are now in my power, and I would be glad to see the angel that would take you out of it: you repulsed me once successfully, but you will not do it a second time."

"Don't be too sure of that, sir," she replied; "keep your distance," for he was approaching her. "Sir," she added, "keep your distance. I wish I could address you as a gentleman and a soldier. I entreat you, Sir, if you be either, to set me at liberty, and allow me to return in safety to my sorrowing and outraged family."

"I have not the slightest notion of it, I assure you," he replied; "but, listen, I would rather win you by love and affection than have recourse to violence."

"Violence! you surely dare not have recourse to violence; you know what the consequences must be to yourself. I entreat you, then, if you be either a gentleman or a soldier, to set me at liberty, and let me go home to my parents. They are not without friends who will bring you to an account for any violence you may dare to offer me. The Johnstons of the Fews are particular friends to my family. They are our landlords; and you may believe me when I tell you, that if you even attempt to insult or injure me, they will bring you to a short and a sharp account for it."

The knowledge of this fact staggered the young villain for a few moments, and he seemed to pause for a while and become thoughtful. While he is thinking, we will say a few words about that once remarkable family. The Johnstons of the Fews, then, were the most celebrated and active men of their day as Tory-hunters, and had won a reputation as extensive as the kingdom itself, for pursuing, capturing, and bringing to justice those unprincipled banditti who robbed and murdered in all directions, and kept the whole country in a state of terror and ferment. The activity, courage, and perseverance of this family were astonishing; and in truth both the country and the government were under great obligations to them. They were also strong, but open, opponents to persons of the Catholic creed; but their principles as landlords were decidedly feudal. Of course they had a vast number of Roman Catholic tenantry under them; and although they proclaimed themselves bitter enemies to the Church of Rome and her adherents, yet, as the Catholics on their property were *their* Catholics, woe betide the man—no matter what his rank or condition might be—who happened to offend or injure any one of them. The consequence was, that their violence was looked upon, especially by the Catholics of the day, as "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" and if any person of that religion, living on their property, felt oppressed or aggrieved, the first individual of might or rank to whom they applied, was certain to be some one of the "Johnstons of the Fews."

Our readers will now understand the force of Rose's

argument, when she pleaded their relation as landlords to her family.

"Well," said he, "let the Johnstons of the Fews rest, there is no one going to interfere with them; but, in the mean time, I don't see why I should not prove myself a hospitable Irishman—why I should not shake hands with my beautiful guest, and welcome her to the place I have provided for her. There is no harm in that I hope. I mean it all in love and affection."

As he spoke he was again approaching her.

"Stand back, sir," she replied, quickly and resolutely drawing an Irish skean, or dagger, out of her bosom: "there's only two lives between us—advance another step and one of them will be taken. Give up your villainous design at once, for if you approach another step, I will plunge this skean into your body, and if I fail in that, I will plunge it into my own; so that in whatever way it may end, you will lose your object. Stand back then; for as God who sees my heart and knows my determination, I will keep my word. In whatever way it may end, this will be a black night to you."

"You know," said he, "I might bring in assistance, and have you disarmed; you know that, so you may as well throw your skean aside, for I will do it."

"You may," she replied; "but the first glimpse I catch of any assistance coming with you, that moment will I stab myself to the heart. In any sense, in every sense, I defy you then; and besides I trust in the protection of God, who is stronger than you and all your wicked instruments."

"Very well," he replied, "I shall take another course. Be assured I shall subdue you yet, although I would rather do it by kindness and affection, as I have said, than otherwise. Did you never hear of such a thing as 'starving the garrison?'"

"I have some notion of what you mean," she returned; "but, even so, I have my own remedy, thank God, and will use it sooner than ever you should gain your vile and cowardly purpose."

"Very well," said he, "we shall see the upshot. As I have life, I shall starve you here until you will not be able to use your dagger. I now leave you, and remember that you will find my words prophetic and true."

"And so shall you mine," she replied; "but think of the consequences of this conduct—what will they be to you? It cannot pass without discovery, and when it is known you will be dragged to disgrace and punishment. You will die a shameful death if you persevere in your wickedness."

"I leave you now," said he; "but out of my hands you never shall escape until you are subdued and overcome."

"I have told you before," she replied, "that it cannot be. You are bringing your own fate upon your own head."

"Time will tell," said he; "but I now leave you."

He accordingly withdrew, locking the door after him, and in a few minutes the old crone returned, and, without uttering a syllable, carried off with her every particle of food and every drop of drink that was in the

room, with the exception of one decanter of wine. She locked the door as before, and poor Rose was left in solitude and silence, in such a state of mind as it is not necessary for us to describe to our readers.

She was a brave and great girl, but there are hundreds of thousands as brave and as great throughout the respectable peasant homesteads of our country. Whilst Lucas was in conversation with her, and indeed so long as he remained in the room, her beautiful form seemed as it were transfigured into the very spirit of resolution and courage; her cheeks and temples glowed with the determined purpose of her heart, and her beautiful eyes flashed with a fire that shot from them like lightning, and gave unquestionable proof that the dreadful resolution she had threatened she would most assuredly execute.

On that night Patchy the Baccah—whom our readers, we presume, may already suspect of playing a double game between the Rapparees and the military—came to the resolution of discovering, if possible, the place of concealment to which the unfortunate girl might be committed. With this intention he crossed the country towards Armagh, which he reached some short time previous to the arrival of the party. He had been permitted to sleep occasionally in some unoccupied lumber-room in the barracks, and, not unfrequently, was allowed to spend his nights in the guard-room, where he amused the men with wonderful narratives of his adventures while in the Irish army. The soldiers knew that he was under the protection and in the confidence of the officers, and on this account he was admitted freely and at all hours. On the night in question he presented himself, and was received with that good-humoured but contemptuous banter to which he was well accustomed, and to which he always replied to with very amusing drollery.

"Well, Patchy, what good news to-night, you lame old rebel?"

"Why," replied Patchy, "do you call me an old rebel? I look older than I am I know, but maybe if you were after harrowing all that I plowed, you'd have three wrinkles in your face for my one. Ould! a man at forty-two is only in his prime of life, and if it were not for this lameness, I'd tache some of you what activity manes. Sure I often danced a hornpipe upon a soap-bubble widout ever breakin' it. Mavrone! but I was nearly *cotch* by the same lameness though the night the bloody Rapparees gave me the chivvey-chase. To think of the villains followin me to within a hundred yards of the barracks!"

"The ground must have swallowed them, then, Patchy; for when we turned out to pursue them, there wasn't a man of the scoundrels to be found."

"But sure they say their Captain can make himself invisible whenever he likes, and that he carries bracken seed about him for the very purpose."

"Faith and they must all have carried it about them on that night; for devil a man of them was visible at all. Well, but have you no news in particular to-night?"

"Troth, some," he replied significantly, "has good news to-night, and some has but indifferent. I missed



my set this time at the Raps; but you know the worse luck now the better again. It'll go hard wid me or I'll have them yet, especially the Captain. Och, I'm tired and starved, and must go and throw myself on some shake down in the cöld lumber-room."

Instead of going to the lumber-room, however, he kept dodging about the barracks until the troopers arrived, when he planted himself opposite the windows in order to reconnoitre their proceedings, and to ascertain, if possible, how they might dispose of the unhappy girl, in whose fate he felt deeply and intensely interested.

"I will watch the windows," thought he, "and who knows but I may find out where they will place her. That's all I want: for I know the man that will take her out of the heart's blood of the barracks, if he only knows where to find her."

The night was fortunately very dark, and he kept walking up and down opposite the windows. He felt no surprise on seeing Lucas's room lighted—for he was well aware of its position—but on seeing another apartment in a remote part of the building, which he knew to have been, up until that night, unoccupied for a considerable time past, he began to entertain a strong suspicion that it might be that which they had selected as her place of captivity, at least until her ruin should be accomplished. Here he remained until Rose had been left to herself, and from this position he observed her attempting to ascertain if any kind of escape were available by the windows. In making the experiment she had placed the candle on the window-ledge, so that he had such a distinct view of her as at once satisfied him of her identity, and the place of her imprisonment. To communicate with her, however, without the risk of discovery, he felt to be out of the question; but he thanked God that he had at least ascertained the locality of the room in which they had immured her; and to prevent any possibility of mistake, he reckoned the windows from the fourth point of the range, until he came to that of the apartment which contained her, and placed a mark of three round stones close to the wall directly beneath it, lest there might be any mistake in his reckoning. Having accomplished so much, he felt that to leave the barracks at that unseasonable hour, after having so recently returned to them, might occasion suspicion. He accordingly retired to the lumber-room already mentioned, which was his usual place of rest when among the military: and as he really felt much fatigued after his difficult and harassing journey across the country, he soon sank into a sleep, at once deep and refreshing. The next morning he awoke late, but active and recruited in strength. Having dressed himself—if we may say so, considering the habiliments he wore—he joined one of the soldiers' messes, where he amused them, and breakfasted besides to his heart's content. He then prepared to leave the barracks, but on his way out was met by Cornet Lucas.

"Well, Patchy," said that gentleman, "how the devil does it happen that you are in barracks this morning?"

"Faith, for my own safety, your honour," replied Patchy; "but how the devil did it happen that you or-

dered me to go to Brien Callan's last night, where a party of your men came to take me prisoner as a spy to the Rapparees? Doesn't your honour know the hunt they give me about a month ago, almost to the very gate of the barracks, and that mortal man never had such an escape as I had?"

"What party, Patchy? No party from these barracks was out last night. I believe you know all the men here, and you can say whether any of them was at Callan's."

"Faith, I can say no such thing," replied Patchy, "for the best reason in the world, bekase I didn't see them."

"You didn't see them? That is unfortunate—how did it happen that you didn't see them?"

"Why, sir, bekase when I heard they were lookin' for me, I tuck to my scrapers."

"Did they commit any outrage?"

"Not, sir, that I am aware of, barrin drivin' me out of my warm bed, the thieves, when I was tould they were lookin' for me."

"Patchy, my man, I never thought you a blockhead until now. Don't you understand it?"

"The devil a bit, your honour; it's Greek to me so far."

"Why, Patchy, the villains must have been the Rapparees. You know yourself they're not over head and ears in love with you."

"Faith you've *hot* it there, sir, nor with your honour either," replied Patchy; "but what I wish to know is, why you sent me there last night, sir?"

"Simply, Patchy, to bring about what has happened. I now know the Rapparees are in this immediate part of the country. They must have seen you going to Callan's, and your presence there it was which occasioned their midnight visit to his house. I hope they offered no violence to his family," he added, keenly scrutinising Patchy's countenance as he spoke; "they say their Captain is in love with Miss Callan."

"That may be, sir, but it's the first time I ever heard of it; but why did you send me to where I stood a hundred chances to one of falling into their hands? Don't you know, sir, they're on the look-out for me night and day; and, besides, by sendin' me there, you prevented me from makin' good *my set* upon them. But why did you send me at all, sir?"

"Why, to satisfy myself that they are in the neighbourhood: and besides I depended upon your own ingenuity in escaping them. You see I was right; but I wish you had seen them, that you might give me some account of their personal appearance."

"Personal appearance, *inagh*, (forsooth). Why, doesn't your honour know they never appear the same thing two days runnin', or rather two nights runnin'; and as for their Captain, he can change himself in such a way—face, dress, discourse, and all that—his own men often doesn't know him from Adam."

"So they say, indeed. In the mean time I hope they have offered no violence to Callan's family. Yes, you are right, Patchy, for it is well known that they some-

times assume the uniform of his Majesty's British soldiers, and commit the most atrocious depredations in their name. It is very probable that if they committed any outrage upon poor Callan's family last night, they had recourse to the same disguises. Now, go and try your hand at tracing their whereabouts—it is clear that they are in the neighbourhood. You know the reward that is offered by Government for their leader, and that if you enable us to secure him, you will get an ample share of it."

"Isn't that what I'm thinkin' of, sir, day and night: but, to tell you the truth, the people—I mane the Catholics, your honour—are beginnin', I think, to suspect me; and if it 'ud be agreeable to you, sir, to give me a few lines from undher your own hand, by way of probation, jist to recommend all loyal subjects to prevent me, as far as they can, from receivin' any injury from the rebelly papists, it would be of great use to me. About a fortnight ago I met one of those terrible men, the Johnstons of the Fews, and he was very near sendin' me to jail as a rebel that had fought against King William at the Boyne and the siege of Limerick, and only I referred him to Colonel Caterson, he would have done it. I'm not safe, sir, from either party, I tell you, without some such protection."

"Very well, Patchy; stay where you are for a few minutes, and I will return with the document you want. It may serve you certainly, at least with the magistrates, and the loyal portion of the community, and you shall have it. In the meantime, don't conceal any outrage that the Rapparees may have committed last night from the people; that is, if they have committed any, which I hope they did not."

In a few minutes he returned with the following document, which he presented to Patchy, who, after having received it, immediately left the barracks. It was to the following effect:—

"This is to certify that the bearer, Patchy M'Quade, commonly called Patchy Baccab, is a loyal subject, and considered worthy the protection of the Garrison of Armagh, and all other loyal men in this His Majesty's kingdom of Ireland."

Signed,

"WILLIAM LUCAS,

"Cornet in His Majesty's 3rd Dragoons."

Patchy, who was no scholar, put the paper carefully in an inside pocket, feeling perfectly aware that its discovery upon him by those of his own creed, who were ignorant of his peculiar position between the Rapparees and the military, might look upon him as a spy for the Government—a character which, at that time, was attended with anything but security. He was possessed, however, of great cunning and ingenuity, and the reader will soon see the purpose to which he applied this document, and his object in procuring it.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## THE O'DONNELLS IN EXILE.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, ESQ., LL.D., M.R.I.A.

(Continued from page 56.)

O'DONEL having been bred in these parts from his infancy, was perfectly well acquainted with the country, and therefore projected where to intercept and cut off the enemy; not thinking they were so numerous as the panic fear of the people had represented them, and not believing from General Ginkel's letter before mentioned, that this invasion was by his orders. Knowing besides that he was on his march to Lymerick with his army, from whence it was not likely he would make so considerable a detachment; since the profit must be shared amongst the whole, and that neither this nor the reputation of the action could be much, to be gained from unarmed people dispersed here and there about.

Pursuant to these thoughts, without more loss of time, he went away with the few men that convoyed him the day before. And at last, after 14 miles march, overtook the enemy, in a defile of a marsh, where the ambarras of the way made them halt. As he went along the leaders of those very keerrights joined him, and with their assistance he recovered the booty, killing some and taking others prisoners.

Hee first sent away the conductors of the keerrights, and commanded them to return the prey to the several proprietors, and ordered them to extend themselves for the convenience of pasture, because his troops from Yetherconnaght [Jarrowconaght] began to arrive, who could defend them from any insult of the enemy, dispatching away others with the same advice to those who were in a manner penned up within the mountains.

Next day he sent some prisoners with a drum, and a letter for General Ginkel, to the next garrison of the enemy, the tenor of which was that he was surprised after what he had written to him, that such acts of hostility should be committed against the poor people under his care. That it was easy for him to do great damages to those under his protection, but he was so far from doing any; that he sent him back the prisoners he had taken; and prayed him that in return he would sincerely let him know, whether he would continue the proposed suspension of arms or no; that for the future they might be satisfied what they had to do, and not be in any apprehension of a surprize.

Some time after he received an answer of this letter, wherein the general assured him, that this injury was not done by his orders, nor of any of the cheife commanders of the army; that the proprietors of those estates were the aggressors; that he had suspended and imprisoned the three subaltern officers, who with their men had joyned them; and that they should so remain, till he should order what further punishment he pleased; that he would take care for the future that neither the soldiers nor the country people should molest any within his precincts. But with all that he was astonished, he made him no mention of the capitulation he had proposed; which he desired might be concluded before it was too late, and not in his power to have the pleasure of doing him any service.

At the same time the governor of Sligo and his officers sent a letter to O'Donel, acquainting him that a body of the army, joyned with some of the militia of Ulster, had besegged them and plundered all the country, and tht it being unprovided of all things for a defence, they agreed to surrender the fort as soon as the deputies of both sides sent to Lymerick should return with my Lord Lucas's approbation; but if within 10 days, they could receive such succour, as would oblige the enemy to retire, the capitulation was to be null. Upon this occasion O'Donel began his march, and arrived within the time limited, within 5 or 6 miles of the enemy, who thereupon raised the siege, and retired without coming to a battle.

Some dayes after, those who were sent to Lymerick with the capitulation, returned with it approved by the Lieutenant-General Lucas, and as they were on their way thither, they met with orders precedent to the siege, to abandon this fort, as a place not possible to be defended.

And as it is the comon custom among commanders of armies to encourage their own side, and dishearten the others, so General

Ginkel at this time acted, writing to Dublin, and also to London that he was upon the point of concluding a treaty with O'Donel; and understanding the success of the siege of Sligo, and that the surrender was approved by Lord Lucan, he wrote to the conductor of this party, without pretending to know he was retired, to take possession of the fort, pursuant to the agreement made and approved by the Lieutenant-General Lucan; and that he need not be in any apprehension of O'Donel's men, because of the suspension of arms, and the good intelligence there was between them, which made him think he would assist to make the fort surrender rather than oppose it.

Upon this advice the English Commander marched straight with his regiment to Sligo, summoning the governor to surrender according to capitulation.

The governor and the officers of the garrison, knew not what to resolve, and sought for O'Donel, who still continued in their neighbourhood, to observe the motions of the enemy, and declared to him they could not refuse to surrender, unless he would stand by them, in maintaining the capitulation was void, by his succouring of the place; he frankly promised them he would. And accordingly the English commander was answered.

But this gentleman perceiving his first attempt had proved unsuccessful, demanded a conference about the matter, wherein taking O'Donel aside, he acquainted him with what his general had written; and therefore hoped he would not oppose the execution of the capitulation. O'Donel answered, that a suspension of arms was indeed agreed upon, but nothing else. And therefore he could not agree to what he proposed. This commander finding this second attempt also likely to miscarry, endeavoured privately to make a division among them, in-insinuating to the officers who had made the agreement, that O'Donel had already made his terms with General Ginkel; but notwithstanding all his intrigues, he missed of his end, and was forced to return as wise as he came.

This piece of craft of the English commander, and what General Ginkel had published, spread about the report O'Donel had capitulated, altho' in reality to that time he had agreed to nothing, but a bare suspension of arms. However, his enemies took from this a new occasion of continuing and augmenting their calumnies against him, whilst at the same time, those who actually owed him the benefit of their preservation, did not cease to bless and pray for him, as the saviour of many thousands of families who must infallibly have perished, if he had not taken the course he did.

At this time O'Donel received an account that Lymerick was for certain besieged; that our army was not in a condition to defend it; that the general succours of which we were all put in hopes from France, were very uncertain, or in reality little or nothing; that the squadron of vessels from thence, which hovered in the river, had brought no men, arms, provisions, or ammunition; out on the contrary seemed onely intended for the transport of troops, which were projected to be carried into that kingdom, upon surrendering up that town, and the remainder of the country not possible to be any longer defended (as some great men had given out) against an enemy so strong and so victorious.

This relation, added to the proposition before made him of a capitulation, seemed to make him sensible the critical time was come, wherein he was to justify himself with those who depended of him, and that he was now or never to resolve what part he would take, since by the real situation of things, if he waited never so little longer, they must be reduced to a state of desperation, and all the poor people under his care be totally ruined and extirpated.

These considerations obliged him to send for the chief officers of his Brigade; to whom he proposed two things:

The first, that there was nothing more glorious, more honorable, or more just than to dye for the faith, for the king, and for the country. Protesting at the same time, that if they would so resolve, he would stay with them to the last breath, tho' they should be obliged to live as bandits amongst the mountains.

The second, that if they approved not of so great and generous a resolution; it was necessary in the present juncture and circumstance of affairs to think of the best measures, for their common safety. Adding the above-mentioned reason for making the propositions, but he quickly perceived this was altogether needless, since the proposals were no sooner made, than they began to whisper among themselves what answer they should make, the

public circumstances of the kingdom being no secret or mystery even to the meanest or most ignorant of them.

After some hours' discussion of these two points they could not come to any fixed or unanimous resolution; all were sensible it was necessary to resolve: But they were divided in opinions; some were for joining the army; others were for living peaceably as they did before the war, with security not to be molested for life, liberty, or estate: others declaring they had now no more left to loose, nor any vocation to follow but the sword, and looking upon O'Donel to be in the same circumstances with them, they would follow him wherever he would go.

Seeing them so different in their opinions and resolutions, he told them it was impossible to satisfy them all; but he would do his best to content the greatest number. And presently wrote to General Ginkel to send a person to some frontier place sufficiently authorized to treat and conclude with him upon articles.

As soon as he had dispatched away the messenger, he went to Castlebarr, where he had left his brother; ordering some of his Brigade to quarter thereabouts to cover the place; whilst others went about the country to fetch in provisions.

At Castlebarr he received General Ginkel's answer: And thence went to the place where he was to meet the person appointed to treat with him. After some debates, they came to an agreement; by which he hoped, and expected to content all his party.

Of which the first article was a general pardon and amnesty for all things past to that day: That all his people should have free leave to go to those parts of the kingdom, where they dwelt before the war, or to any other place they liked better.

The second a liberty for all that would, to join the army, and for himself to form a Brigade of two regiments, consisting of 3000 men, to serve in Flanders.

Having ended this negotiation, he mett on the way upon his return, a courier from the Major of his Brigade giving him an account: That several officers with their men were in a mutiny, induced thereunto by some officers of the garrison in Sligo; believing they should make themselves remarkable by this action; and that some had proposed the surprising and disarming his own regiment, as being the strongest and best armed; and that they had resolved to lye in ambush on the way he was to come back, to seize, or perhaps to kill him.

But he despised this danger, as he did several others, building upon the justice of his proceeding: and not doubting, but this mutiny would be appeased upon his shewing the before mentioned articles; by which they would see his whole aim was, that all in general should in time find a sure refuge, and every one in particular a means of following his own opinion without danger.

He continued his way to the very mutineers' camp, where all things fell out just as he imagined, for all were well satisfied, when they found themselves gratified in their distinct and several ideas. These, who were desirous to join the army, separated themselves from the rest: for whom he ordered a provision of cows, and a free pass to march to the body of the king's forces at Lymerick.

Those who chose to return to their home had a general and particular protection: and some of them a convoy or guard, to prevent their being plundered or ill-treated on the road, as several of the keatings were that put themselves under the protection of others, who besides the third part of their cattle, which they gave to the enemy by way of composition, had the remainder taken from them in the garrisons thro' which they past, for opposing of which violence many also lost their lives.

Such as declared they would live and die with O'Donel, incorporated themselves in his regiments. And thus were all things settled to the satisfaction of every body; except those who had fomented the mutiny.

Within a few days after the militia from Dublin and Ulster besieged Sligo, which presently surrendered, and immediately after Lymerick capitulated with the remains of our broken army. And thus was ended this unhappy war.

Hereupon the natives, who had been cooped up in a corner of the Province, began to dilate themselves in this and other parts of the kingdom. O'Donel's Brigade had quarters assigned them, according to the capitulation. And he himself went to Dublin and afterwards to London.



This capitulation was debated before the council, where it was resolved, that he and his officers must take the test: but this being contrary to their religion, two other things were resolved on; first, that he should have assigned him in Ireland 500 pounds sterling a-year, as equivalent to the command of Brigadier. Next that his Brigade should be formed into one Regiment for the Emperor in Hungary, of which he should have the command. But this he refused because he designed to return to the service of Spain; and upon this occasion he was in London, in the beginning of the year 1692, where he continued so long ill, that he was not able all that year to leave London. The following year he went into Flanders, and was sent from thence into Piedmont; where he served the rest of that campaign and also the following one, till the year 1695, when he got a regiment of foot, which he carried into Catalonia; where he continued to serve till the conclusion of the peace, after that he went to the court of Madrid, where he was made Major-General of the army in Flanders, where he is now in the exercise of that command.

I believe, Sir, I have now fully satisfied your curiosity, and hope you will draw from this narrative the same consequence that I have done. And to the end you may do it with less trouble: you will, I hope, give me leave, to end this long letter partly with a short recapitulation, and partly with a small digression, wherein I will bring down against this nobleman, all that his most irreconcilable enemies have laid to his charge. And at the same time shall refute all their objections by evident and undeniable answers and reasons.

The first calumny was his being sent from Spain as a spy, to give an account of the interest and affairs of Ireland to the king's enemies.

The falsity, the malice, and the folly of this calumny is so great that it must needs fall to the ground of itself. For none but a man without common sense, can believe so chimerical a fiction as this; which is wholly founded upon the wickedness of the first inventors, which I will prove to you in three instances.

In the first place, it is not to be believed that a council so renowned all over the world for prudence, point of honour, and circumspection, as that of Spain, should send such a man as O'Donel, who was a Colonel in their army, very much esteemed by that nation, and respected, not only being cheefe of his family, but also for his own personal merit, with so unbecoming a commission, and so unnecessary, at a time (as all the world knows) that the Prince of Orange knew all that past in that kingdom better than many that sat at the helms of the government. For, besides the emissaries he had in court, the country was all over spread with protestants, who were wholly in his interests, and who gave him an exact account of everything, even to the smallest circumstance.

The second: That it ought not to be believed, that a person who had so well established his reputation as O'Donel, had done among a people so jealous of the points of honor, as the Spaniards are, would undertake so unworthy and degenerate an employment, as that of a spy. But supposing, as these detractors do, that he could be capable of so mean an action, and so contrary to the allegiance he always professed to his natural sovereign, is it possible, as they would persuade us, that he could be so great a fool as to take that course? when he might have gone directly to London, with his Catholic Majesties recommendations, and by this more honorable method have put himself in a way to push his fortune more easily without giving any wound to his honour. No, no, believe me, he wants neither good sense nor good parts. It is therefore to be presumed that he who began so early, and so basely to calumniate and traduce him, would afterwards leave no stone untarned to rob him of his reputation, and perhaps also of his life.

In the third place, it is to be imagined by any man in his wits, that had he undertaken so base and ignominious an employment, he would have lett slip the generall faire opportunities he had of doing the service it required? Why did he, after he had raised so extraordinary a number of men, guard severall passes on the Shannon into Connaght the first campaign, and not betray any one of them into the enemys hands, his supposed friends?

Or why did he not join them in the next campaign, considering how greatly he was provoked by all the ill-treatment and disobligations he had received from the Duke of Tyrconnel?

Either of these two things would for certain have ruined all the Kinges affairs in Ireland.

But after the warr was at an end what needed he to have taken all the pains he did to reingratiate himself with the court of Spain, and recover his former post or favour, by serving first as a volunteer in Flanders, afterwards in Piedmont, and last of all at Barcelona? To one in his pretended circumstances all this time, and labor of 5 or 6 years must have been spent very foolishly, when he might have gone directly to Madrid, and there have received the reward of his honorable undertaking, and faithful discharge of his trust. But indeed, Sir, this was not O'Donel's case, he went away privately out of Spain into Portugal (where, in a printed manifest, he gave the court of Madrid the reasons of his withdrawing), full of zeal and resolution to serve his own king and contry, and not by the consent or order of that court to serve them as a spy or traitor. But to insist longer on this clear and self-evident matter would be indeed to hold a candle, not to the moon, but to the sun at noonday.

The second objection, that he was the cause of the loss of Gallway, which he might have succored, and would not, a thing most demonstratively false, as every man must be obliged to acknowledge, that knows the contry, and the avenues to this city, as well as every other disinterested person that will but examine the maps, the enemys expedition, the place where O'Donel was the time he received his orders for succoring the town, and the haste he made to arrive there in time.

The enemye beat our army on Sunday, and on Munday began their march for Gallway, where their advanced-guard arrived on Thursday. On Fryday they seized on all the posta towards Aghrim, and on Saturday of all the passages towards Yerherconnaght, so that it was impossible on Thursday to get in of Aghrim side, or on Saturday on that of the other.

On Munday, after the battle, O'Donel was with a small party of his men at Casingsstown, who for the greatest part thought of nothing but securing their families and their cattle. They did not know the army was routed, but when he had the account of it the afternoon, he applied himself wholly to execute the orders he had received to retire and cover the natives.

On Tuesday he received anew, from Lieutenant Generall Lucan, the order he had sent him before to that purpose.

On Thursday O'Donel received a letter from Monsieur d'Usson, ordering him to come into the town with all the men he could get together, and then it was not possible for him to enter by the way of Aghrim, and therefore he intended by that of Yerherconnaght.

That very day he received the second letter from Monsieur d'Usson, he was using all the diligence possible, of which you have already had an account, and which was as much as could have been done, had he commanded a body of regular troops. But it proved ineffectual because the enemy had been from Saturday master of the passage.

He that considers how many days must be spent in marching a body of men, that of necessity must pass over severall fooris, march throu' woods, and mountains to the place, from whence the letters or orders for it, were a coming by an express for two dayes and a half, will easily conclude it was morally impossible for him to make more haste than he did, of which you have before had the account.

Those who knew the contry cannot but agree, that the road of Yerherconnaght, besides the length of the miles, is the most troublesome and uneasy of all the roads of Europe. And that one must either pass the river, or to avoid it make a great circuit another way; and, at the same time, there were but two little boats to cross it, of which the biggest could carry but ten men at a time. They must also allow, that the passage on Aghrim and Yerherconnaght sides being seized on, there was no possibility of getting into the town without a battle.

But to cut short, and come to the matter of fact. Suppose that on Thursday, when he received the orders, that he had 10,000 men, of old troops, and well disciplined, and had immediately marched away, it would have been impossible for him to get in without fighting, and beating up one of the enemys quarters; he could not get in on the Aghrim side, because that post was that very day in the enemys hands. If he went on Yerherconnaght side he could not possibly arrive there before Munday or Tuesday, because of the distance and the bad way;



nor could he then have got in, the enemys having possessed themselves of that passage on the Saturday before.

From all these arguments and reasons, which are matters of fact and demonstrative, I do infer, as every unprejudiced person must, that O'Donel could not do more than he did (for in three dayes time you see the enemy had seized on all the posts), and that it was impossible for him to arrive time enough to succor the place, so that you cannot but own this piece of calumny as false and malicious as the former.

But for a further proof, I would have you take notice, that it is most certain that Generall Ginkel was on Monday after the battle called for to Galway, and that the reason of the great speed he made on his march was to secure all the posts, having been well informed of all things by those who sent for him. Of which you may assure yourself, one was, that O'Donel had offered to go into Galway with his men ten days before, and was refused. But this notwithstanding he must be counted a traitor now, because he did not succour it when it was impossible for him to do it, and that besides the town had already capitulated.

The third objection is, that he had himself capitulated; this tho' it be not false, is yet very unjust. For every capitulation is in its own nature indifferent, and that which makes it good or bad must be the motives, and the manner or form of the capitulation.

Of which, that you may the better judge, I will give you a full account. O'Donel was detached from the army above three score miles; and all the country was possessed by the enemy; he had no strong place, ammunition, or provisions; the hopes of the greatest part of the people he commanded were but to lead the life they did before the warr, and they were more desirous to preserve their cattle, than consume them, inasmuch that to command them was impracticable.

He was surrounded by an armed enemy, that plundered on all sides, to avoid which danger, the natives had closed themselves up in so narrow a compass, that if they should have stayed there one month longer, they must have perished for want of pasture for their cattle, and subsistence for their families, and all of them were out of hopes of being succoured by the army, because of its weakness, and great distance, and its want of all necessaries.

This manner of capitulating (as already said) was to provide for the several interests of his people, leaving a way open for everyone to do better for himself, as time and occasion should offer.

The end he proposed. Was the safety of his men, according to the orders given him; and to do the king all the service he could, by preserving as many of them, as at present in the desperate condition of affairs, were unwilling to joyn the king's army at Lymrick. So as that they or their children might hereafter be able and ready upon the next occasion to sacrifice their lives and fortunes anew for the interest of his Majesty. And as for the others he was so far from hindering their zeal of going to Lymrick, that he particularly provided in the capitulation a clause for the free passage of all such as were desirous to joyn the army, and over and above ordered them a subsistence of cattle for their march.

You cannot, Sir, but consider that his motives were pressing and irresistible; that the form and manner of reconciling so many different interests and opinions were laudible; and that the end was just, honorable, and loyal, without concluding impartially that this objection was very foolish and unjust.

There is another thing objected against him, arising out of this capitulation; that he joyned the enemy's army, contrary to the service of his king, in which you may perceive a great deal of malice and sophistry. For it is evident that the actual service of the king was at an end since the fortune of warr and other necessities made those in power give up the kingdom to the enemys; and by consequence the subjects might without staining their honour, or loyalty, or acting against his Majesty's service, make the best terms they could for themselves with the conqueror.

This is of itself so plain and undeniable a truth, that I need not go about to prove it by the two following undeniable reasons or instances.

First, the king permitted severall of those that followed him into France, to return to their own home, which they would not have desired, nor his Majesty allowed, if that could have blamished their loyalty or prejudiced his service

The next is, that if his not coming into France with that part of the army that did, be concluded an act of infidelity; then all the good subjects that remained in Ireland, as well as in his Majesty's other dominions, ought to be branded for this crime: which I am persuaded the most malicious detractors will not have the impudence to affirm.

But this does not hinder those men from being extremely commended and applauded; whose zeal made them sacrifice all to follow his royal person, and serve in the army of his most Christian Majesty, from whose great magnanimity and heroic soul, together with the glory of his conquering arms, it would be a crime, nay, almost a sin, not to hope for the re-establishment of our good and gracious master.

O'DONNEL, as well at least as others, might have hoped for some advantages from that voyage, which he would have undertaken, if some reasons, which he ought to prefer to his convenience, had not made him decline it.

For in Ireland he had nothing to lose. In France, morally speaking, he amongst others of his country, could not well miss of some handsome establishments; he had served longer than many, and could have carried with him a good number of men; he wanted not witt to foresee these advantages, nor was he so much a philosopher as not to desire to mend his fortune. But I will ingenuously tell you why he took the course he did.

He was bred in the service of Spain, where his family, and severall of the other most illustrious families of Ireland had served above 100 years. He was considered, and very much valued in that court, and yet his zeal and loyalty for his own natural king made him quit all and go and engage in the war of Ireland. But this war being at an end, and by consequence his master's service in that country for that time, he was obliged either to go into the service of France with his countrymen, or into that of Spain; where he had been before.

Every man living must plainly see, that if he had gone into the service of France, at that time in war with Spain, he had been wanting to his honour, and must have passed in the opinion of all the world for the most ungrateful and most unworthy of men. I am so sensible of the efficacy of this reason, that I am very confident the French themselves, at that time enemys, but always passionat lovers of honour and stedness, will applaud his resolution, when they consider the justice of the motives that obliged him to take it.

You see now what hindered him from going into France; and induced him to joyn the enemy, who being in alliance with Spain, afforded the safest and shortest way to return to the service of his Catholic Majesty.

In the last place, they object his being a pensioner of England, which carries with it an air of rancour, malice, and jealousy; for it is of public notoriety, that the 500 pounds a year assigned him in Ireland, was in compensation of the post of Brigadier, which he was to have had by his capitulation. Beside, what crime is it, I pray, for a man in the service of the allies to receive from them a gratification? Services and rewards being in military discipline mutual and indispensable relatives or consequences of each other.

And by this time, Sir, I do not doubt but you will think I have said enough, to make you understand the different interests of our native country, and the proceeding of O'Donel, both in and since the late war was ended. If you really are as great a lover of justice and reason as you pretend to be, I am persuaded you will not only be satisfied with his conduct; but also justify it to others, as I hope all will do that shall examine and seriously weigh the circumstances I have here faithfully and impartially set down. As for the rest, whose malice and ill-nature cannot be wrought upon by reason or truth, I leave them to time, and a better judgment, and am not solicitous what they shall think or say. O'Donel will be still O'Donel; valued and respected wherever known for his courage, probity, sincerity, and other good qualities; and though being a mortal he cannot be out of the reach of malice; yet, I can assure you his envious detractors will always do themselves much more mischief than ever they can do him. To one that has put me upon it, there needs no apology for the length of this letter, and therefore I will only tell you without ceremony, I am yours, &c."

Bilbao, the 23d of August, 1701.

A Thesis on Natural Philosophy defended by Dominic O'Connor, and printed on a silk handkerchief, dated at Salamanca, 1672, (now in the possession of Denis O'Connor, Esq., of Mountdruid, in the County of Roscommon), is prefaced with the following dedication to Hugh Baldearg O'Donnell:

PRE-ANTISSIMO VIRO GLORIOSIS STEMATIBUS EXIMIE  
CORONATO PERILLUSTRI MOEKNATI maiorum suorum foris ful-  
gore egregie exornato præclarissimo Heroi nitido sui generis splen-  
dore pervenuste condecorato magnanimo et excellentissimo domino  
ac semper domino meo Hugoni Odonello comiti Tyrconnelli atque  
baroni Liffeyrensi [Liffordensi]; in corpore militari Catho-  
licæ maiestatis exorcitæ, fortissimo duci ac tribuno strenuissimo;  
magnorum principum Ultoniæ (qui pro orthodoxa fide in Hy-  
berniâ viriliter propaganda et Lutherana hæresi profliganda  
propriis expensis ipso Romano Pontifice Urbano Octavo contes-  
tante diuturno quindecim annorum bello sagitare potuerunt ar-  
matos impietatis defensores et sexaginta millium hereticorum  
internecione mærentis religionis lacrymas consolari) carissimo  
atque felicissimo nato; Nobilissimo postero exantiqua et clara  
Hybernorum regum stirpe originem ducenti; piis progenitorum  
suorum vestigiis summo cum studio apprime insistenti eorumque  
præclara gesta atque gloriosa facinora fidelissime æmulanti;  
huic ergo tanto equiti hos limpidissimos rivulos Philosophiæ  
Naturalis ex perenni mirificæ doctrinæ præceptoris Angelici fonte  
copiosè et foeliciter emanantes astricto consanguinitatis vinculo  
iteratèque beneficiis ductus offert suus semper frater.

DOMINICUS O'CONNOR.

[The Will of Hugh, Earl of Tirconnell, commonly called  
Baldearg O'Donnell.]

In the name of Almighty God. Amen.

Be it known unto all men, that whereas I, Hugh O'Donel, Earl of Tirconnell, born in Dunegal in Ireland, and respectively the true son of the late John O'Donel, and Catherine Rorke, his lawful wedded wife, am now in this capital, and about to set out soon for Catalonia, as Captain of Cava'ry in His Majesty's service; and moreover, in consideration that in future it may perhaps not please God to allow me an opportunity to declare my last will, and that at present I am of sound and good understanding, I have resolved within myself, previously confessing that I believe all what the H. R. Catholic Church commands to be believed, and in this belief will live and die—to draw up my will and testament in regular form, under the protection of the Queen of Angels, and to her and her dearest Son's honour.

I declare therefore, hereby command and order, that all the following be observed and fulfilled as my last will.

Firstly, I bequeath my soul to God, our Lord, who created and redeemed it, and my body to the clay out of which it was formed.

Whenever it shall please God to call me from this life, my body shall be buried in the nearest monastery of the Order of our H. Father St. Francis, clad either in the military uniform, or for want thereof, with the habit of the said Order, or else in the nearest parish, if there should be no such monastery at hand in the place.

After my funeral, the expenses thereof shall be immediately defrayed, my debts liquidated, and there shall be read for the good of my soul one thousand masses or more, according to the means left for that purpose. But from this there shall first be taken one thousand dollars, which are to be distributed as alms among poor widows, orphans, and religious of both sexes, and among reduced nobility, as I have already more particularly arranged with Mr. Patrick Adsor, whom, from a friendly feeling and confidence, I have named as my executor of this my last will and testament.

I humbly beg of his Catholic Majesty, Charles II. (whom God protect), that in consideration of the important services rendered by my ancestors to his, namely, Charles V. (I.), Philip II. III. and IV., he will reward my heirs, kinsmen, and creditors, as also for the good of my soul he will cause any balance of pay due to me, to be delivered to my executors, in order to liquidate any debts I may have contracted in his service. Out of the above-mentioned sum I will that a Seminary of the Society of Jesus shall be founded for twelve students, who shall live there, and be instructed to preach the Gospel in Ireland.

I therefore beg of the King's Majesty, and of his Holiness the Pope, that they will grant the necessary permissions for the erection of this seminary in this capital. The aforesaid Order and my heirs shall have the management of this seminary, and the latter as patrons, shall have the right of choosing and nominating the students who are to be received in it; further particulars are to be found in the Charter of the House, which I here refer to.

To any one who, according to established custom, may expect a legacy from me, I will an alms of 4 reals (10d.), and with this cut them off from any claim they might have on my goods.

In case I should leave no lawful issue, I name Mr. Conaldus O'Donel, my brother, as heir to my house and fortune; and in case he also should die without lawful male issue, Mr. Dominic O'Donel, shall, after him succeed in the possession of my inheritance, or his lawful sons, namely, Messrs. Hugh, John, Helenus, Michael, and Daniel O'Donel; and in case they should leave no legitimate male issue, it is my will that my sister's child, Mr. Emmanuel O'Donel, and his lawful heirs should succeed to them; and in case they shall leave no lawful male issue, my property shall go to any person who can legally prove himself next of kin, descending in a direct male line, and bearing my name.

Of all that may remain of my free possessions, as well as of my claims of what His Majesty owes me, and other claims and rights I am entitled to, and that might yet come to me in whatever manner, after paying and fulfilling all that is directed in this my testament, I name my soul as universal heir of, and will that my executors shall apply it, in the best manner they shall think fit, for the good of my soul, and they shall not be interfered with or prevented by any temporal or spiritual authority.

In order that everything I have regulated up to this, or that else might yet be found as necessary, shall be fulfilled and paid, I name as executors to my will, His Grace Oliver Plunket, Archbishop and Primate of all Ireland, the Earl of Tiron, Mr. Conaldus O'Donel, my brother, Mr. Cornelius Linche, the above-named Mr. Patritius Adsor, and Mr. Ferdinand O'Brien, all of whom collectively, and each in particular, I invest hereby with (perfect) and full power, such as I have it myself, and such as by right or law it is required and necessary, in order that, immediately after my death, they may, firstly, take possession of my goods or estates, incomes, rights, and claims of whatever may come to me, as well by legal right as by generosity, from His Majesty, his paymaster-general, his other paymasters, and from other private persons (in whatever manner they may give it, or should be obliged to do so); secondly, reclaim and receive without exception and limitation, anything that is due to me, and with the amount they can thereby produce, fulfil and pay, for the easing of my conscience, what is contained in this my will. I particularly invest the above-named Mr. Conaldus O'Donel, my brother, and Mr. Patrick Adsor, (they having a more particular knowledge of my affairs and business matters, and with, in regulating the same, will employ themselves with all love and diligence), and this power shall continue to last, even after the expiration of one year, and as long as shall be necessary.

I hereby revoke and declare null and void, all and every will and codicil, &c., I have ever before made in whatever manner, and I will that only this present one be valid, which contains my last will.

Done at Madrid, this 9th day of April, 1674, in the presence of the witnesses thereto asked, namely, of the priest, the Rev. Bernardo Verni, Mr. Eugene O'Neil, Mr. Antonio de Capudias, Colonel Ludovigo Ramos, and Francesco Tamayo, all of whom reside at Madrid, and are known to me. Which I hereby make known and sign,

THE EARL OF TIRCONNELL.

Done in my presence.

JUAN GARZIA DE VEGA.

I, the above-named Garzia de Vega, notary of our lord the king, was present, and for greater security and law have sealed and signed it.

(S.V.) JUAN GARZIA DE VEGA:

[Order of the King of Spain to restore to the Count or Earl of Tyrconnell his company in the Spanish service, 27th January, 1679.

ORIGINAL ENDORSEMENT, Madrid, 27th January, 1679.  
The King's orders to the General (Duke of Bourno-

nuile) to restore the Count of Tyrconnell to a troop of horse, No. 12.]—

The King.

Most illustrious cousin, Duke of Bournouille, my Minister of War, my Lieutenant and Governor-General in the principality of Catalonia, in the counties of Rousillon and Cordania, and Captain General of the army, having for the motives which you will see in my despatches of the 30th ulto, resolved that the Count of Tyrconnell should have the troop of horse which he commanded in our army, (and from which the Count of Monterrey removed him) again restored or re-organized under his command; and the said Count, moreover, representing to me, that the division of Rousillon, whence the above troop must be re-formed, is to be quartered in Castile, I charge you with making arrangements in quarters for carrying into effect the tenor of the above resolution, and with sending the required directions to the officer there commanding. Considering, besides, the claims and services of the Count and of his house, I have come to the determination, that the self-same troop which he commanded before, be restored to him, and I commission you to carry these orders into effect, detaching the men from the several troops into which they may have been incorporated, in case they are still to be found, all, or the greater part of them, in the division of Rousillon; but should they have been drafted into other divisions of the army, you will send, at the foot of the army list, "a note of individuals," to the end that it being known where they are stationed, they may receive orders to repair to the quarters of the Count, and be there re-organized under his command. Given at Madrid, 27th January, 1679.

DON JUAN ANTONIO LOPEZ DE CARALE.

A.D. 1680.

Blank commission for a Captaincy in the Hiberno-Spanish regiment of the Count of Tyrconnell, 31st March, 1686—

Don Carlos, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Majorca, Seville, and Sardinia, of Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, of the Two Algarves, of Algeiras, Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the East and West Indies, of the Islands and Continent beyond the ocean, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, the Tyrol, and of Barcelona. Lord of Biscay and of Molina, &c., &c., &c.—Whereas the Count of Tyrconnell has offered to serve in my fleet with a regiment of infantry, to be raised in Ireland, on my allowing 35 reals for every soldier, and upon other conditions unto him granted, and which conditions were communicated to the officers commanding my said fleet, by my despatch of the 22nd May, 1684, and whereas also, at the said date, there was forwarded to him the commission of Maestre de Campo (Colonel), and whereas it was one of the conditions aforesaid that there should be given to him 15 commissions for the like number of companies, reserving always to myself the right of disbanding such of them as on their arrival in my dominions might seem superfluous, and whereas it is fit that an officer of valour and experience be named Captain of one of these aforesaid companies: now, therefore, considering that these and other qualities are found united in you, as also bearing in mind how well you have served me on every occasion, and hoping that you will still continue so to do, I have deemed it well to choose and name you, as by virtue of these presents I do choose and name you, Captain of one of the aforesaid companies, to serve me in the same, in like form and manner as have served me, can and ought to serve me, the other captains of the said fleet;—wherefore, it is my will that as soon as the said company shall be formed, you be admitted to rank and pay therein, by the officers of the fleet; and I charge the Count of Aguilar and Frigiliana, my chamberlain, and Captain-General of the said fleet, or such other officer as may be in command thereof, that so soon as you join the same, he give orders that you be admitted to the pay, rule, and command of your company; and I moreover order the ensign, sergeant, and other offi-

cers of the same, to fulfil and execute such orders as you may give them in writing or by word of mouth, and that so long as you shall serve me in this manner, you are to receive 40 escudos, (sendi, crown-pieces) per month, to be well and truly paid to you, according to and in like manner as to the other captains who serve me in the aforesaid fleet, for such is my will, and also that from the date of these presents, this order bear effect in the General Control and Audit office of the said fleet.

I, DON GABRIEL BERNARDO DE QUIROS.

Done by order of the King, our Master.

The Duke of Tyrconnell's commission to O'Donnell, 16th July, 1690.

Richard, Duke Marquess and Earle of Tyrconnell, Visct. Balinglasse, Barron of Talbottstowne, Lord Deputy Genll and Genll. Governor of Ireland, and one of the Lords of his Maties. most honble Privy Council in England and Ireland—

To our trusty and well-beloved O'Donnell greeting: wee reposeing especial trust and confidence in your Loyalty, courage, long experience and good conduct, doe by these presents constitute and appoint you to be Commandr. in Chiefe of five thousand men, to be raised forthwith in this kingdom for his Maties service, who are to be regimented, and commissions prepared for their field and inferior officers, according to such returns as you shall from time give us.—You are therefore to take the said five thousand men into your care and charge as Commander in Chiefe, and cause them to be duly exercised, and wee doe hereby command them to be obedient to you as their Commander in Chiefe, and you to observe and follow such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from us, or any other your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of warr, and in pursuance of the trust wee have hereby reposed in you.—Given at Limerick, the 16th day of July, 1690.

By his Grace's command.

RIVERSTONE.

Besides the defence above given, which, though ascribed to an Irish priest, was most probably written by himself, or at his suggestion, Hugh Baldearg O'Donnell wrote, while in Ireland, a very long and curious letter to d'Avaux, who had been Louis XIV.'s ambassador in Ireland with James II., from 1689 to 1690. It is entitled "Memoire donnee par un homme du Comte O'Donnell a M. d'Avaux." It was printed in a very rare book, entitled "Negociations de M. le Comte D'Avaux, en Irlande, 1689-90," of which only twenty copies were printed, and the only one now known to exist, is in the possession of the Marquis of Abercorn. The object of this very curious letter or memoir was to show how very unjustly O'Donnell, and the old Ulster interest chiefly connected with him, had been treated by the Duke of Tyrconnell, being himself of English descent; and it proves how particularly unfair such treatment was to the Ulstermen, who, in the course of the war, were by far the best soldiers in the land. The object of forwarding this memoir to d'Avaux, was to secure his interest in France for justice in the matters complained of.

The exact year of Hugh Baldearg O'Donnell's death has not been yet ascertained, but we may infer, from various circumstances, that he died a Brigadier in the Spanish service, in the year 1703 or 1704, without issue. See *Macariae Excidium*, edited by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., note on Baldarrick O'Donnell.

After his death, his brother Connell O'Donnell, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Donegal, in 1689, was considered, both at home and on the Continent, as the head of the O'Donnell family, but of his history very little is

known. He married Graine, or Grace, the daughter of Rory (son of Colonel Manus O'Donnell, who was slain at Benburb, in 1646,) and half-sister of Colonel Manus O'Donnell, of Newport, by whom he had John and Charles, whose issue are extinct, and Hugh O'Donnell, of Larkfield, who was called "The O'Donnell," and even Earl of Tirconnell, by his cotemporaries; but he could not have been Earl according to the laws of England, as is very clear from Earl Rory's patent. After the defeat of King James II., this Hugh removed from the county of Donegal, and took refuge first at a place called Mullaghbane, near the head of Lough-da-ein, now Lough Macnean, in the county of Fermanagh, and shortly afterwards settled at Larkfield, near Manor-Hamilton, in the county of Leitrim. He married twice: first, Flora Hamilton, daughter of John Hamilton, Esq., of Cavan, and sister of John Count Hamilton, of the Austrian service, and he had by her two sons: first, Connell Count O'Donnell, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, Governor of Transylvania, and a Field Marshal in the Austrian service, who, on Leopold Count Daun being wounded, commanded the Imperial army at the battle of Torgau, and died unmarried in 1771; and, second, John Count O'Donnell, in the same service. This Hugh married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Derrygonnelly, in the county of Fermanagh, by whom he had Con O'Donnell, of Larkfield, the ancestor of the O'Donnells of Larkfield and Greyfield, of whom the Rev. Constantine O'Donnell, now a Protestant clergyman in Yorkshire, is the undoubted head. Of this Hugh O'Donnell, who died in 1754, and his sons by his first marriage, the venerable Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, has the following notice in his "Dissertations on the Ancient History of Ireland," edition of 1753, p. 231:

"The Tyrconnell race produceth at this day persons who reflect back on their ancestors the honours they derive from them, particularly Conall and John O'Donnell, sufficiently recorded in our gazettes for their exploits in the late wars, in the service of the Empress-Queen of Hungary. These excellent general-officers are the sons of a worthy person, Hugh O'Donnell, the chief of the Tyrconnell line, and of Flora, the sister of the late General Hamilton, who, if I be well informed, died in the Imperial service."

There is still extant, in the handwriting of James Maguire, already referred to, an Irish poem, addressed to this Hugh O'Donnell, by Father Patrick Duff O'Curran, who calls him "the alumnus of heroes, the generous son of Connell, who hoarded not his wealth, grandson of John, great-grandson of the bountiful Hugh, who was the son of Con, who hoarded not his plunders! the wide-spreading oak, which sheltered the poets and the feeble."

Con O'Donnell, of Larkfield, was, after the death of his father, Hugh, and his half-brothers, considered by his Irish neighbours as "The O'Donnell." He married Mary O'Donnell, sister of the first Sir Neil O'Donnell, of Newport, and had by her, 1, Hugh O'Donnell, of Larkfield, Esq.; and, 2, Connell O'Don-

nell, who died at Liege, in Germany, without issue; 3, John, who died unmarried; 4, Con O'Donnell, who married Mary, second daughter of Denis O'Connor, of Belanagare, Esq., and sister of the late Owen O'Connor Don, M.P. for the county of Roscommon, and of the famous Dr. O'Connor, author of the *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, and had by her four sons: 1, Con O'Donnell, Esq., barrister-at-law; 2, John; 3, Connell, and 4, Neal. This family is now represented in the senior line by the Rev. Constantine O'Donnell, a Protestant clergyman in Yorkshire, who is the eldest son of Con O'Donnell, Esq., of Larkfield, who died in 1825, who was the son of Hugh O'Donnell, of Larkfield, Esq., son of Con, son of Hugh, son of Connell, the brother of Baldearg O'Donnell, whose history we have now laid before the public.

We have now completed the history and genealogy of the race of Hugh Boy, the son of Con. We have still to give the more recent and interesting history of the next branch of this great family, who have figured so conspicuously in the wars of Europe for the last century.

#### THE BANKS OF THE TOLKA, AND THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

ONCE upon a time, a fit, so to speak, of genuine, hearty loyalty overtook us unawares; and during several successive days an observant companion might have overheard us ejaculating in a quite unusual strain, and calling down blessings on the head of our gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria. Such a "beautiful fytt," it must be confessed, never seized us in the course of our travels through the length and breadth of our own green isle, where, indeed, one's exclamations are far likelier to be, God help the poor! than, God save the Queen! Our home was many a mile left behind, when the current of our cogitations set in this new direction.

In order to explain how and why it was that her Majesty made such a step in our favourable opinion, it will be necessary to describe the sort of place we do live in, when we are at home. Well, then: we do not live within the city bounds, as delineated by line of road or water-way; neither is our dwelling to be found in terrace, square, or cottage ornée of any of the fashionable suburbs. Ours is not a "rising" neighbourhood, nor a particularly desirable neighbourhood. Of course, having neither present prosperity to exult in, nor future bright prospects to look forward to, it is always apologetically said to have seen better days, and preserves traditions of its own, albeit unsupported by documentary evidence of any authority, referring to good old times, when it was much resorted to by families of taste and fortune, held its head high, and kept its rents up gloriously. However, even as it is, moderate people can live in it very cosily; nay, even a handsome income could be got through without going very much out of one's way in the achievement. As is usual with localities of a gone-down aspect, the residents are of a



motley order, being indeed so diversified, and sometimes so unique in character and condition, that it only needs the pen of a Miss Mitford to make Our Avenue as famous now, as "Our Village" was in days gone by.

We are not going to violate the seclusion of our *sanctum*, by informing the general public whether it lies north, south, east, or west of the General Post Office. Suffice it to say, that we are not out of hearing of the booming clock of the said great national institution, but can readily distinguish the chimes when the wind is favourable; even the variations of "College time" are, under similar circumstances, made known to us by the deep-toned, sonorous call to chapel or commons. We can have rolls for our early breakfast with the glow of city ovens about them, and our morning paper is delivered in all its dampness before the dew is off the grass. In fine, most of the luxuries of civilized life are within reach; and if somewhat more withdrawn than the mere situation warrants, from the vortex of the busier metropolitan world, it is certainly our own fault, though we cannot acknowledge, our own misfortune. Be the reason what it may, we hold the position to be a good one, and from our vantage ground very comfortably look abroad from time to time, critically or observantly.

Our neighbours, properly so called, occupy us, however, very little. The state of things in an adjoining district, which we pass through or skirt along in our daily rambles, engages our attention somewhat exclusively; and we are much taken up tracing the causes of a very curious condition of affairs in that quarter, and devising schemes of amelioration. A roadway, a river, and a bridge form the boundary between a tolerably quiet, orderly neighbourhood, and a district notoriously different in repute—a thickly-inhabited territory, with far more than a fair proportion of drunkards and vagabonds, ragged shrewish women, and untamed, unwashed, untutored ragamuffins of either sex. Public opinion says that every body drinks, and that when a fellow goes to the bad, he is "no worse than the rest of us;" public opinion asserts that it is nothing "off the common" for disorderly women to rob, and drink the plunder, and go about in the face of day as if they were anything but ashamed of themselves. Public opinion seems to imply that children may go to school or not as they fancy, and that parents have really no control over their offspring. Public opinion, in a word, is so conveniently constituted, that outlaws from other quarters find the district quite a desirable settlement, and so it becomes a drain for the blackguardism of distant townships. The customs and manners of the inhabitants have been moulded, as elsewhere, in accordance with surrounding circumstances. Small things lead to great, and a seeming accident stamps the character of a population.

Here, for example, the supply of water is at the lowest ebb; pipe-water conveyance is unknown, and there are no public drinking-fountains. At one extremity runs a brackish stream, at the other stagnates the canal; every drop of water used by the inhabitants of the inter-

mediate cluster of cabins, has to be fetched from either reservoir; and the children of the district are, as a matter of course, and greatly to their hurt, kept from school and engaged in this service. They seem to be born to the vocation. As soon almost as they have a leg to stand on, a tin can, scarcely larger than a porringer, is delivered over to them, and they are sent up to the canal or down to the river, as the case may be. Gangs of young scapegraces are to be seen at certain hours of the day, and indeed at no hour fail entirely, rushing out wildly to the sound of tin kettles, crying and shouting, or returning laboriously with their thimbleful of liquid mud, which is generally reduced two-thirds by leakage on the way, if not altogether lost in a scuffle with other urchins of the same calling. Even the more grown portion of the population seem never to be thoroughly emancipated from this peculiar servitude; the habit of running for water sticks to them. The "boys" contrive to infuse a dash of variety into the daily routine, by firing off volleys of stones, to the danger and consternation of wayfarers, and fighting pitched battles, pitcher in hand, with rivals in the river. The young women recreate themselves with jests and jeerings none of the choicest, and a romp occasionally with the aforesaid "boys;" while the old wives enjoy a hearty gossip from time to time, as occasion permits, squatted on the kerb-stone. Our own acquaintance among the water-carriers includes "a fool" of the male sex, a deaf and dumb girl, a young lady in a circle of crinoline, with gold-headed pins in her hair, who carries her can like an empress; and we have "heard tell" of a *blind* woman, who is as handy and judicious as her neighbours in the same pursuit.

On the banks of the canal all goes on smooth enough; a well-grounded fear of sudden immersion, as a consequence of indiscretion or a single false step, tends to produce a temporary gravity of deportment along that line of operation; besides, the tide of popular favour does not tend towards the canal for sound sanitary reasons, intimated in the belief, that "numbers of people does be drowned in it!" But the river has no terrors; and judging from appearances, every biped and quadruped of the vicinity is to be found in the midst some time or other in the twenty-four hours. Into that the water-carriers paddle knee deep, disputing the road, or rather the stream, with plunging horses, yelping terriers in an ecstasy of splashing, and jarveys bare to knee and elbow, vigorously mopping the "outsides" in the middle of the troubled waters. Bakers' and butchers' carts invariably take a turn in the river; we have seen a stylish M.D.'s pair of greys undergoing a cooling in the same fashion, and have witnessed the spectacle of a hearse with nodding plumes and yoke of coal-black steeds disporting with anything but a mournful air over the irregularities of the streamlet's narrow bed. The pure quality of the water may be inferred from these facts, and from the additional one, that, twice a day, "the salt sea water passes by," in due tidal course, changing, if not refreshing, the current of the stream.

So much for what may be termed the retail branch

of the business. There are also wholesale water-merchants who deal largely in the liquid element, conveying the supply from lane to lane, in open barrels fixed on carts of the rudest construction, and drawn by donkeys full from tooth to tail of the vices of their race. These nomadic establishments are usually served by girls; one barefoot draggle-tail, balancing herself in the midst of barrels and buckets, and dealing out penny-worths of water to her customers; whilst another, equipped in a manner equally worthy of the work, runs a foot, vigorously "whacking the baste." Overtures have more than once been made to these poor girls with the charitable intent of inducing them to quit their miserable occupation, to go to school, or learn a trade; but invariably without success. So utterly wretched is their condition, that they cannot afford to attend school or prepare for any industrial pursuit; for where would the morsel of food come from in case they lay by for a day? And besides, it is not easy to tame down to habits of civilization a girl grown to fifteen or sixteen in this gipsy sort of life. One solitary instance comes to mind of a girl of this kind having been persuaded to enter some other service, whom we afterwards used to see in the vicinity of her native alley, supporting an altogether new character, with boots, and no doubt stockings, and wearing a bonnet, visible at the back of her head. Great, however, was our disappointment to recognise her not long since, once more in command of the cart, rattling down the hill in a glorious din of cans, buckets, pitchers, and tin kettles—the old character once more assumed in the bare feet, shock head, and customary equipment of rags.

What the pig used to be in other parts of the country, the donkey is here, namely, the support and consolation of the family to which he belongs; only, in this case the sale or death of the animal is the signal of dire distress to the household. Never more than a few shillings are invested in such stock, and it is admitted all the world over that there is very little use in a dead donkey. A poor woman, who exclaimed once in our hearing, "It is hard for *nine* of a family to *live out of an ass!*" we saw actually yoked herself to the cart, when death had released the said quadruped from his onerous responsibilities.

A fountain of simple construction, or a good pump at the head of each lane, would do more, we firmly believe, for the comfort, education, and civilization of this idle, vicious population than any scheme of general reform, or even the widest extension of the elective franchise. If five or six of the worthy citizens who ride past in their handsome carriages to their offices every morning, gave a moment's thought to the subject, the whole aspect of things might be changed, and at a marvellously trifling cost. The landlords of the district it seems vain to hope anything from. One of the largest proprietors in a quarter similarly situated, signalled himself, we understood, quite recently, by his violent opposition to the Dublin Water Works Bill, objecting, no doubt, to the slight increase of taxation which should fall to his own share, and apparently not appreciating

the immense benefit sure to arise to the multitude of his tenants, should a plentiful supply of water be brought to their very doors.

But to make up for the scarcity of water in this locality, strong drinks abound, and can be had for the customary equivalent. There are five houses wherein refreshment of this kind can be obtained, along a line of road scarcely a quarter of a mile in length. Every facility is indeed afforded for the indulgence of thirsty souls who love whiskey, and jovial spirits who delight in a row; even the case of the weak-minded is provided for, so that such wayfarers as have resisted a first temptation, have an opportunity afforded of falling into a second, third, fourth, or fifth. In go the customers, well balanced, with head erect; out they come, in a wondrously short time, in their transformed condition, cursing, swearing, reeling, drivelling. On Sunday, of course, by virtue of the law, front doors are not open till after church hours. This, at any rate, looks decorous, and is highly creditable, and the Sabbath is honoured thereby. But, where there is a will there is a way; and "first mass" is scarcely over when a trusty underling may be seen occasionally thrusting his head out of a side door, to be sure that no member of the Metropolitan police force is in view, and proceeding to admit with all caution the wretched strollers who are thus ready betimes to begin the Sunday carouse. As the clock strikes two, bolts and bars are withdrawn; parties of men—many of them comfortably clad—who have been bitering in expectation of the signal at the corner of the lanes, now walk in without reproach, and from that out may drink away their senses, never violating any law of the land. Many of the natives—it is no secret—have commenced overnaught; and the interior of their cabins in the early afternoon, when the church bells have ceased ringing, must be a picture of delight to the whiskey-demon. The broken-down mother is there in a state of unspeakable dirt and disorder, having "no clothes to go to mass;" the children are crawling about unwashed, and all but unclad; and a breathing heap of insensibility—the father of the family—lies in a corner unable to rise, having got through the feat of drinking his wages the previous night. In too many cases the women drink also; and we even know some instances of the wives of sober men being confirmed tipplers. Such characters are laughed at, but not shunned.

At night, when the public-houses are forcibly cleared, the high road is often a scene of wild disorder—natives and strangers in altercation, and the air laden with blasphemy. It is a rule that men coming here to drink from other parts of the town, must either fight, or submit to be mercilessly beaten; so that unfortunate carmen who have stopped for a glass too late in the evening, are often fearfully maltreated upon leaving the scene of their folly. There is no police-station in the vicinity, and, generally, things have come to the worst before the services of the force are in requisition. The natives flatter themselves that the police are afraid to approach too near; but be that as it may, it is ludicrous to see them

coming down with their long swords when the slaughter is well nigh over, and carrying off the already vanquished with due solemnity. The constabulary, to be sure, are not far off. But non-interference is their standing order; they should be "called out" in due form; and, moreover, are generally in bed before the serious business of the evening begins. The establishment of a police-station is, after all, neither impossible nor very difficult; it could be done on the application of a few respectable persons living in the neighbourhood, and would be of considerable use in keeping at least the seasoned reprobates in order.

Perhaps, however, the greatest want is that of a large room and field, as a place of shelter and recreation for the young men of the locality. Painful and ominous it is to see lads of from twelve to twenty years of age collected in groups on the road side when work is over, or stupidly loitering away the whole length of the Sunday, crouching for shelter in cold weather under the eaves of corner houses, and in summer stretched full length under the presumed shade of the low mud-wall that skirts the dirty road. The proximity to the public-house is like to be fatal, while their sole amusement consists in the vicious jeering of the passers by, the fun of seeing the drunken revellers tumbling out of those scenes of disorder, and the exciting vicissitudes of pitch and toss. We have sometimes noticed zealous advocates of the temperance movement taking their rounds through this benighted region, lamenting, as may well be supposed, the depravity which is visibly the consequence of almost universal intemperance; and often it has struck us how all but hopeless is the endeavour to reason or coax into virtuous courses hoary-headed bond-slaves of the Evil One, and how much better it would be to forego the glory of converting scoundrels of old standing, and adopt the far completer plan of stopping the growth of vice by saving the young, in giving them other objects of interest and other amusements than those their wretched fathers possessed. Whenever allusion is made to the necessity of doing something for the benefit of this particular class, a dark hint is thrown out about night schools, or purely religious associations are proposed. This is too high a flight for the situation. School benches are not considered the softest seat after a hard day's work; and to ask a poor labouring boy to give the residue of his hours of toil to praise and prayer, risks the chance of a point-blank denial. It is amusement of a healthy kind he wants. If it be not provided he will divert himself with what is neither safe nor profitable. Should a plan be asked for, suitable to circumstances such as have been described, it is easily given. Advertisements and flourish of trumpets are not necessary; neither should be the first step—as happens but too often in Ireland—be the investment of capital in bricks and mortar, and the erection of an imposing institution, with portico and Ionic pillars. A roofed-in building, hardly better than a shed, would answer, supposing it to contain one large room with fire-places. Here the frequenters might sit and lounge, and warm themselves, and read if they could or would, by cheerful gas-light. Without, there should be

a good field, where they could have their games of skittles and knocks, and cricket and foot-ball. There should, moreover, be rough-hewn seats at intervals, and an inexhaustible pump, in case the river did not happen to run that way. Very little money would be needed to set this going; the penny-a-week subscriptions of the members would eventually cover the rent; and depend upon it, a diversion would soon be made of a kind not serviceable to the licensed vintners. Albeit, hoping against hope, we are always full of the idea that the Catholic young men's societies, or the gentlemen of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, may some time or another undertake and supervise the working of some practical plan of this nature. Let it be remembered that the poor man's leisure is a precious interval. Rarely indeed is his daily toil demoralising in its nature or results. He is comparatively safe while at work, and falls into real danger and fatal mischief only when he is abandoned to his own devices for amusement.

But the Queen—God bless her!—we entirely forgot all this time. In fact, we never concerned ourselves about her Majesty's private opinions, or guessed there might be any sympathy between the Sovereign of these realms and ourselves, until good fortune brought us not long since to the banks of the Thames, and left us to roam and dream beneath the shadow of the Palace and the chestnut groves of Hampton Court. To tarry any time in London without setting apart a day for an excursion to this charming scene, which the past has so wondrously peopled, would be equally opposed to our principles and our practice. So true a peace reigns within the old building, so pleasant a stillness pervades the well-cared gardens and royal parks, that, even in a physical sense, it is a thoroughly refreshing retreat from the roar and restlessness of the huge capital of England; whilst the tranquillizing effect on the mind is no less sensibly felt by the sojourner—such marvellous events have swept by, such wild vicissitudes of fortune, such keen sufferings and such vivid joys have left their mark in history since Wolsey planned this pleasure Palace! So much is changed and lost, yet so much remains unharmed, almost untouched, in the midst of the revolutions of life and time! On the occasion referred to we lingered many days; became acquainted with every winding way through the plantations; felt quite at home in the long suite of state apartments; grew familiar with the faces of the servants in care of the Palace, and the dragoons-men on guard at the gates; got, too, our favourite pictures in every room copied by a process faster than Daguerre ever dreamed of, and hung up in our own private gallery, where memory has charge of them.

The river we learned to know and admire under every aspect. It is a beautiful river here; sufficient in its own beauty and the graceful sweep of the banks which it has here and there fertilized into velvet lawns, or made a pleasant growing-place for willows and sallows, and such thirsty trees as can never get too near the nursing river. Truly, it boasts of no mountain back-ground, or castles on the cliff, or towns of storied interest clustered on the

borders; and it can do without all these. It is deep-channelled enough, with wayward currents of its own, to make those take heed who venture in a tiny craft upon its "silent highway." It is clear enough to reflect and intensify the colours of the sunset; and calm enough to receive and retain the massy shadows cast athwart its bosom by the waving heads of the forest giants of the Home Park. On the left bank stretch the Palace gardens and terraces, till they open into the wider expanse of lawn and park—a quiet by-path separating the railled enclosure from the river. In the evening, when all living things seem to grow familiar, as if sympathising in the one great need and comfort—the coming rest of night—the deer come close up and thrust their pretty faces through the bars, as if wanting to see what is going on below there in the river. Out from their hidden nests in the reedy islets, sail the stately swans, "floating double, swan and shadow,"—stately, yet familiar; or it may be, trebly vigilant, when an idle boatman, taking the shallow side of the island sanctuary, approaches too near, leaving the mark of oars in the sandy margin, or doing damage to the slender border of rushes. Then, indeed, the bird on guard, with crested neck and loosened wing, bears down upon the intruder, and sails in company with the unwelcome boat until all danger is for the moment passed. The swans have pleasant times of it here. They seem to consider themselves part of the spectacle, and on holidays, when the Londoners have come down in full force, they are in the thick of the ferry-boats. Nevertheless, we have often been surprised to meet them out so late in the still evening, dropping down with the stream as if merely come out for a breath of fresh air, or otherwise triumphantly breasting the current, returning home, to all appearance, with news of branches of the family settled in reedy homes of their own about Kingston or Ditton.

The still evening, did we say? Still! Was there ever, in all the world, heard such an outburst of song? Blackbirds, and thrushes, and "minor minstrels" of the feathered tribe, all carolling in such melodious concert! Far overhead, on the topmost spray of the great trees which stand in file along the banks, they call and answer from either side. The height at which the choristers are perched, and the harmonizing influence of the expanse of intermediate water, toning down the outpouring of note and cadence, and harmonizing all. Anything like this singing of birds we never heard; chorus succeeding chorus, and the high solo parts taken by favourites of the forest. Sometimes a little bird would fly down and perch quite tamely, not on our's length off, on a stone by the river's side; or a winged messenger would dart across the evening blue on an embassy, as it were, from chorus to double chorus. By and by the last faint glory of the sunset melts from the sky, and the joy of the many-voiced choir likewise fades away, leaving the nightingale, which is joyful longer than its fellows, "in full-throated ease" to while away the transient summer night.

But there is something pleasant about this place every hour of the day, and every season of the year. The

knack of always looking well belongs to it. In summer, of course, all looks royally splendid in the shine of foliage and sunshine. But even when the rain falls there is an air of dignity preserved; the pinnacles and ornamental chimney-shafts of the palace buildings stand out in solid stately fashion against the murky sky; the noble east front of deep-red brick, with its white stone carvings and decorations, seems incapable of receiving harm even from such adverse "skyey influences;" the grass changes to a more vivid green before one's very eyes; and the blue mist gathering round the roots of the trees in the long avenues of chestnut and elm, somehow appears to add to the height of these wide-armed children of the woodlands. Even in winter, the evergreen plantations, the long lines of yew, the luxuriant ivy twined about the trunks and branches of the leafless trees, contrive to cheat the rigid season of its inherent right to disarray and desolate. We have made visits to the palace in the early forenoon, before strangers arrived; have seen Wolsey's hall without a soul in it; have been all alone with Raphael's cartoons; and have listened to our own footsteps re-echoed through the solitary courts. At a later hour we have been amidst the throng of visitors, amused with their looks of wonder and delight, and the odd remarks thrown out as they passed along. Whilst again, we have tarried in the long line of the state apartments until the signal for closing was given, and the servants appeared with their mops and dusters, and night-coverings for the precious old-world furniture. The gardens and the lovely terrace-walk overlooking the Thames, we many times lingered in till nightfall, hurrying home through dim courts and gas-lit passages, and clearing the last gate just as the palace clock struck ten. But even in the loneliest hours how the solitude was peopled with shapes and processions filing off through the centuries! What names would come to mind at every turn!—names, too, familiar to every school-boy. To be here is like getting an object-lesson in the by-paths of English history.

Cardinal Wolsey absolutely haunts the place. He was in the very zenith of his glory, when, indulging his passion for building, he planned out this princely structure, and purchasing the site from the Knights-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, set the warden of the Cinque Ports to superintend the works, and furnish, as best he could, supplies for the necessary outlay. Here he lived for a short season, in truly royal splendour, eight hundred persons in his suite, and young lords and the sons of gentlemen, with retainers of their own, in daily attendance on him whom the king delighted to honour. Old chroniclers love to dwell on the magnificence of the pageants, masques, and banquets, with which the Cardinal entertained his visitors. When the French ambassadors arrived to confirm the peace between the three great sovereigns of Europe, all the *arististes* of London seem to have been summoned to Hampton Court, and occupied hanging the presence chambers and banquetting halls with "very rich arras, and a sumptuous cloth of estate;" setting up silk beds; and "nobly garnysing" sleeping apartments for two hundred and



eighty guests; whilst "all the expert cookes, and conyng persons in the art of cookerie which were within London or elsewhere," were put in requisition, and wrought both day and night to make the feast worthy of the magnificent minister and his pageant-loving sovereign. As the tide of his fortunes began to change, Wolsey thought to appease the malice of his enemies, and turn aside the envy of the court, by making a present of his lordly residence to the king, who, having asked his minister what his intentions were in erecting a building that far surpassed any of the royal palaces in England, was adroitly answered, "That he was only trying to form a residence worthy of so great a monarch." This graceful surrender, however, was but the signal for ensuing plunder, and before a short time was about, Wolsey had retired in disgrace to his residence at Esher, almost within sight of Hampton Court, where he found nothing provided for his comfort, and had to borrow in the neighbourhood such necessary articles as beds, sheets, cups, and dishes. So had the mighty fallen! Not all that Wolsey did for the glory of England abroad, or her prosperity at home: not all the merit he so justly deserves for his strict and impartial administration of justice, and the vigour with which he repressed perjury and chicanery, and other wrong-doing, whilst he held the chancellor's seals, has so much contributed to keep alive his name among the mass of the people, as the brick and stone work, and the ancient relics of this his pleasure-palace. It is curious to note how often his name is on the tongue of the people here, and how respectful a tone visitors and writers of guide-books assume, in their allusions to this great churchman, when once they find themselves within the precincts of Hampton Court. He has only a nameless grave in Leicester Abbey, but he is ever kindly remembered here.

The royal robber, Henry VIII., no sooner usurped possession of the cardinal's domains, than he set about completing the buildings and beautifying the grounds. The account of works executed here in this reign may be found in the Public Record Office, and the entries are some of them very curious. The names of the master tradesmen are given, and the rates of wages noted down, as well as the additional pence paid to carpenters, when they worked "in their howre tymys and drynkyng tymys," the king being in haste to have the great hall finished, and this extra labour being needed for "the hasty expedicion of the same." So much is paid a certain ferryman, John Bagnold by name, for "his delygent attendance in helping over the workmen, evenyng and mornynge, for the space of a quarter of a year;" and as an incentive the more to diligence and punctuality, there is purchased "a ronnyng glasse for the workmen and other, to keep the oures trewly at all tymes." No expense appears to have been spared in furnishing out the gardens handsomely. "Swete williams" were bought by the bushel, as well as "gillavers slippes, gillaver mynts, and other swete flowers." The women wedding in the "kinge's new garden" received each of them twopence a day, as did likewise

those engaged in "wateryng." Whilst in "the kinge's great orcharde, appultrees, and payr trees, and yowng trees of oke and elme," were set by the hundred, from the surrounding country were collected bushels of hawes, slowes, and acornes, to be set in the park. The Defender of the Faith looked well after his game and poultry, and let the pheasants especially want for nothing. Supplies were laid in of eggs and curds "for the fesaunds for to eytt;" no less than eight sitting hens were purchased, whose business it was "to sit and bring up the yowng fesaunds;" even a horse was kept to carry ants "from sondry wodds and other plasyds," for the nourishment of the aforesaid dainty birds. "The kinge's cocks and the hennys" had a new house built for them, and properly qualified persons were employed in boring cony holes in the warren. When the royal monster grew fat and heavy in his old age, and could not go much abroad in search of sport, he procured an Act of Parliament empowering him to form a royal chase, by enclosing an immense tract of the surrounding country. This he proceeded to do, greatly to the annoyance of his neighbours. He seems to have been partial to angling also. We know that fishing rods were sent down here for his use, and men employed who helped to fish. He was out shooting in the park when the news of Wolsey's death was brought to him. In fact, he was a sporting monarch, and Hampton Court was the ground for him. Thither he came accordingly from time to time, in company with one or other of his miserable succession of wives.

Anne Boleyn, the great Cardinal's arch enemy, the "night crow," as he said himself, "who possessed the royal ear, and misrepresented all his actions," and who hated him with a two-fold hatred for having separated her in her more innocent days from her young lover, Lord Percy, and for having stood in the way of her obtaining a legal right to the throne she coveted, had all manner of honour paid to her in her brief day of prosperity, and the queen's badges were profusely carved upon the lintels and spandrels, and painted with sundry bright devices upon the great windows of "the kinge's new hault." When this wretched favourite of a day was made to suffer a death unheard of—for up to this royal Bluebeard's time, no woman had ever been publicly tortured or put to death in England—her handmaid, Jane Seymour, who, with poetic justice, usurped the place of her who had formerly supplanted the right royal Catherine of Arragon, was installed in great state at Hampton Court, previous to the birth of Henry's long-desired heir. Prince Edward was baptised in the chapel here at midnight, with great splendour, the Princess Mary standing god-mother, and the Princess Elizabeth likewise assisting, for on this joyful occasion the ill-used children of the divorced Catherine and the decapitated Anne were received into favour, peace being proclaimed in this "happy family." The noise and excitement attending the ceremonies—the braying of trumpets at the queen's door, and the succession of visitors to the sick room, so upset the mother of the prince, that she died not long after. Then she lay,

poor woman, in state in the chapel for nearly a fortnight, masses being offered daily that her soul might rest in peace. His "loving wife Jane" was the only one of his wives King Henry ever wore mourning for, and he lamented her death very loudly, although that did not prevent him looking about for a fourth consort before a month was over.

Anne of Cleves was permitted to reside at Hampton Court whilst measures were being taken to divorce her from the king; and here, at a later period, she passed some time as a guest of Henry and her far more to be pitied successor. Catherine Howard came next, being introduced with great pomp as the new queen. During the Christmas holidays the attendance of the Council of State was dispensed with, that the monarch might enjoy the society of his latest beloved without interruption. Here, too, they kept the festival of All Saints with unusual solemnity, and received, after mass, the Holy Communion together, the king having required his confessor to draw up a particular form of thanksgiving for the blessing he enjoyed in having so loving and amiable a wife. But the very next day the thunder-bolt had fallen on the head of the wretched queen; the king's suspicions were fatally aroused, and before long she was removed as a degraded prisoner to Sion House, and thence conveyed to perish miserably in the Tower. Catherine Parr, of course, had her turn, and was married with all the ceremonies of state at Hampton Court. King Edward VI. was often here. The people of the neighbourhood were much attached to him. They were proud that in his person a sovereign prince had been born amongst them, and no doubt felt very grateful to him for releasing them from the inconvenience of the royal chase, formed by his tyrannical old father. Melancholy Mary, and her husband, Philip of Spain, passed the honeymoon in these shady solitudes, and subsequently kept Christmas here, the court supping in the great hall, lit with one thousand lamps. Neither was Elizabeth indifferent to the attractions of the place; feasting and pageantry once more ruled the hours, and the gardens came in as usual for their share of the royal regard. Queen Bess paid a good round sum to a "certain Frenchman that hath taken in charge the reformation of our gardens at Hampton Court." The German traveller, Hentzner, who visited England at this time, was in great delight with this residence. He declares that "the Chapel was most splendid, and the queen's closet quite transparent, having crystal windows;" and goes on to describe the rich tapestries in the audience chamber, and the cushions ornamented with gold and silver. In fact, to his admiring eyes, all the walls of the palace seemed to shine resplendent with these precious metals. Tradition hath it that Shakespeare, the immortal, took part in a play performed before Elizabeth, in a small chamber of Hampton Court set apart for theatrical representations—this being his first appearance on any stage.

Then came the princes of the Stuart line. Here assembled the great conference of bishops of the established church and leaders of the Puritan party, presided

over by that sceptred pedant, James I., and here died Anne of Denmark. Charles I. hung the walls with works of art selected from the galleries of Europe, spent pleasant days here like his predecessors who wore the crown, but supped sorrow, too, in copious draughts. The Puritan leaders kept him for some time a state prisoner in his own palace. He managed to elude the vigilance of his enemies, and to escape from Hampton Court, but that only brought him a step nearer the scaffold at Whitehall. The surly Protector, it would appear, did not consider himself out of place in the dome-tic palace of the Tudors and the Stuarts. The cup of joy and tribulation was poured out even for him in the residence of princes. Here he married his daughter Mary to Lord Fauconberg, seeking like any vulgar *parvenu* to strengthen his hold of usurpation by alliance with a scion of the royalist aristocracy. Here, too, he attended the death-bed of his favourite child, Mrs. Claypole, who, in her last moments, upbraided him with his violence and ambition, and urged him to repentance for his many crimes;—so was the parting made more bitter. We have it on the authority of Dr. Hawkins that Cromwell ordered the great organ which had been forcibly taken from Magdalen College, Oxford, "to be carefully conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery, and one of his favourite amusements was to be entertained with this instrument at leisure hours." Certainly this is not the style of "innocent recreation" one should have deemed congenial to the mood of the iron-hearted usurper. But then Saul, the son of Cis, when the evil spirit troubled him, was likewise refreshed by the power of sweet music. General Monk was the next owner of this royal domain. It was given to him as a reward for his services in effecting the restoration. He, however, not having a fortune of proportionate magnificence, wisely accepted a sum of money instead, and Hampton Court once more reverted to the Crown.

Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza were married here. The great folk assembled from all sides to do homage to the queen, whose dawn of wifehood seemed for the moment very bright. The Duchess of York came from London in her barge, and was received by Charles at the garden-gate by the water side. Henrietta Maria, the widow of the martyr king, over whose graceful head such wild storms had swept since the day she was heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world,—happy as wife, mother, queen—likewise visited Hampton Court on the festal occasion. But here, too, before many weeks were about, the "good-natured monarch," by an insulting trick, succeeded in having his jealous mistress, Lady Castlemaine, presented before the whole court to the queen. James II. often passed months at a time here. The Pope's Nuncio was, it is said, received by him under the canopy in the great audience-chamber. Both Pepys and Evelyn, in their quaint diaries, allude to the Palace and its splendours in those days. The former walked, he says, all the way from Teddington to look at "the noble furniture and brave pictures;" and the latter dilates upon the splendour of the queen-mother's gifts of great looking-glasses, and toilet of beaten massive

gold, and falls into an ecstasy about the Indian cabinets the queen had brought with her from Portugal; not forgetting, of course, the noble fountain of the garden, and the "perplexed twining of the trees." In the time of William and Mary, Hampton Court appeared in renewed splendour. Three of the old courts were taken down, and the present grand staircase, suit of its apartments, and noble east front erected. A gardener of repute was engaged at a handsome salary, and the pleasure-grounds were once more reformed; this time in conformity with the Dutch taste. Raphael's cartoons were brought, by the king's orders, and hung in a gallery built by Sir Christopher Wren expressly for their reception. The queen resided in the palace when left to administer the government of the realm in the king's absence; and it was while riding in the park that William of Orange, of "immortal" memory, received the injury which deprived him of life and crown. And so on through the reigns of the last of the Stuarts and the first Hanoverians, till at last the second George, as if in irony of the whole, had the Cardinal's Hall fitted up as a theatre, and the play of Henry VIII., showing the death of Wolsey, performed therein by command.

But Hampton Court, in all its glory, never knew such days as it has seen since Victoria wore the crown. The decaying portions of the buildings have been restored; the great hall has been sumptuously re-decorated; the thousand pictures have been re-arranged and catalogued; the gardens have been renewed in brilliancy and picturesque effect, and the whole extent of palace, park, and gardens has been thrown open to the public. A right royal gift! The treasures of art have been preserved, the beauties of nature re-beautified, that the mearest of her subjects may make holiday among them. So completely is the spirit of this magnificent donation carried out, that one almost feels as if even the historical associations of the place had been got up for the express purpose of making it the more interesting to the people. And what a pleasant sight it is to see how thoroughly the people enjoy their holiday at Hampton Court! There are no fees to be paid, and every day of the week the gates are open to all sober visitors, except one, and that one is not Sunday, but Friday, when a regular cleaning and dusting takes place. One thousand persons, it is calculated, pass through the state apartments by the hour on fine Sundays; even the chapel of the palace is open to those who are disposed to attend service before beginning their round of enjoyment. Thirty thousand a-month visit Hampton Court during the summer. Public holidays, of course, are the great occasions of a muster. For example, it has been noted down that on Whit-Monday of the exhibition year, between nineteen and twenty thousand persons spent their holiday at Hampton Court. Every thing is admirably ordered. About the grounds all may roam at will, and tarry as long as they like; while in going through the state apartments, the only rule is, that visitors are to proceed regularly without retracing their steps. The palace servants occupy their various stations, and are civil and unobtrusive. Good catalogues can be had for a trifle, and for the most

part, things speak for themselves. Consequently, no "guides" are at hand, forcing their cumbrous services on the unwary.

Hampton Court is reached by forty minutes' rail from London, or by omnibus, through Richmond and the classic ground of Teddington and Twickenham; or, again, great part of the excursion may be made in the Thames steamers. So it is a pleasure-trip from beginning to end. Entire families often make their appearance together, even the baby in arms going through the fatigues of the day's enjoyment with the rest, and staring strangely at Titians and Tintoretts. Whole armies of little scholars may be met trotting up and down the great staircases, and serious old folk, adjusting their spectacles, enunciate antient and approved apothegms in view of the relics of bygone glory. There is something here to suit every taste, and fall in with every mood. The good old woman who, casting an eye along the wall on which hang masterpieces of Raphael, was heard to say, "I don't see anything in them Cartoons!" no doubt, saw everything in the faded magnificence of Queen Anne's state bed, opened her eyes in the guard-chamber, with its groups of shining arms for one thousand men pictorially arranged, became enraptured at the sight of the great vine, and was bewildered and delighted to her heart's content with King William's Maze. On these occasions, the basket of provisions is not often forgotten; but the supplies are left at the outer gate in care of the palace porter, until the owners, having finished their round of sight-seeing, have appetite for a different sort of enjoyment. Just the other side of the road is a famous place for a picnic: namely, the Bushy Park, which is a sight in itself in the season when the grand avenues of chestnut trees, opening out for miles on every side, are all one shower of pink and white blossoms. Here is ample room and verge enough for the little groups to settle themselves in cozy nooks; and if the debris of the feast, in the shape of chicken-bones and broken bottles, should strew the ground, it makes no matter here, though it would never do so to disturb the economy of the closely-mown turf and the finely-sanded garden walks within the Palace enclosure.

The village of Hampton Court is an orderly little place. It has an air of quiet dignity about it, as if, in the fact of being an appendage of so magnificent a palace, it acquired a certain character which should be scrupulously maintained. Therefore, it is entirely free from the vulgar, fussy airs of meaner places which sight-seers frequent. There are some sanglins in it, but no low public houses. Government has perfected the work of the Queen's beneficence by refusing to license such establishments. Scenes of riot never occur. The people come and go in perfect freedom, and seem only too glad to look and admire, and behave themselves.

Once more: is it any wonder that we should repeat, May your Majesty be rewarded! and over and over reiterate our wish that the royal example may be followed here and there, even on a miniature scale, and so ne thought be given to the comfort of the working-classes during their brief hours of leisure, and some little trouble

be taken to help them to spend profitably and joyously the one day of the week which the Almighty has set apart for rest and refreshment? Will any of our fifty thousand readers lay this to heart? In Ireland even the beauties of nature are not always visible on Sunday; as, for example, throughout the length and breadth of the Co. Wicklow, where every place worth seeing is shut up in honour of the Sabbath, and so become virtually shut out altogether from thousands who, on that day, would gladly shake off the dust of the

week's toil, and gain new spirits and new strength in a ramble through glen or valley, or tenantless domain; or who would tarry with delighted heart the length of a day on the green slope of a solitary mountain, with matchless view over sea and city.

But our moralizing must come to an end. The Cardinal's palace, which is now the people's play-ground, melts away in the distance: we and our readers turn our back on the banks of the Thames, and take up our position once more on the banks of the Tolka. R.

### SHANE O'NEILL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[SHANE O'NEILL, surnamed the Proud, visited the Court of Elizabeth in 1561. Camden and Campion describe the incidents of that remarkable fact. Shane was murdered in 1567, and his head long grinned, a ghastly spectacle, upon the Castle of Dublin.]

#### I.

"ARISE, fair Mabel Summerfield, why sleep you so this morn?  
I've brought fresh flowers your braided hair with chaplets to adorn:  
I'm waiting 'neath your casement, love! your promise why not keep?  
Sweet Mabel, 'rise, all London town's astir, yet still you sleep."

#### II.

"Dear Peterkin, I'm ready," and the casement moved ajar,  
While pretty Mabel's lovely eyes shine like the morning star.  
"Nay, an' thou art so much in haste, I may no longer 'bide."  
"The Irishry, sweet Mabel, come, to Westminster they ride."

#### III.

Great Shane O'Neil thro' London streets moves on with princely train;  
Before, behind, around his state, the people rush amain;  
With lips agape, and eyes astare, they mutter as they go,  
"This is the Irish Rebel Chief, our Queen's most dreaded foe!"

#### IV.

Apparelled in a gorgeous suit, bare-browed, rode Shane that day,  
His faithful galloglasses in advance to keep the way:  
Their battle-axes, polished steel, rest on their shoulders bare,  
O'er which in brown profusion fell, like vines, their curling hair.

#### V.

The burly burghers' buxom wives hold gossip in this wise—  
"They call these Irish savages, goodwife, how say you?" "Lies—  
I doubt my daughter Mabel, should she see these stalwart men,  
Would e'er receive the stolen vows of Peterkin again."

#### VI.

Blare out the trumpets—see, O'Neill hath passed through Palace Gate,  
Elizabeth within enthroned will audience give in state.  
"The Prince of Ulster, Shane O'Neill, makes homage to the Queen,"—  
"God's mercy, yea, he looks a prince! we like his haughty mien."

#### VII.

With native gallantry he kneels before the English throne—  
Of royal line *his* ancestors, while *hers* were still unknown.—  
"Thy suit to us hath prospered, Chief, young Lord Dungannon's dead,  
And thou shalt over broad Tyrone hold first command instead."

#### VIII.

"Thy manifold rebellious acts we of our grace forgive,  
But with our subjects of the Pale henceforth in friendship live.  
Our Deputy shall be advised of this our royal will,  
And Shane O'Neill, now Lord Tyrone, be thou our liegeman still."



## IX.

"Her liegeman!" thought the fiery chief; and, as his train departs,  
Right round the ring of courtiers there his eye defiance darts.  
"Her liegeman! like these tinsel lords: no, by this strong right hand,  
No liegeman I, but Shane O'Neill, Prince in my native land!"

## X.

Then spake the Queen Elizabeth to artful Cecil near,  
"Those Irish kernes, good Burleigh, ha! God's death! they know not fear;  
Our troops they slay—laws disobey—they spurn our English creed;  
But, by our father's soul and sword, we'll tame the noxious breed."

## XI.

"Ill fares our cousin Sussex now in that accursed land,  
Persuasion he hath tried, and failed; then famine, fire, fraud, brand.—  
What! shall our royal will be crossed by Papist Irish slaves?  
God's life! look to it Cecil, man!—Our altars, or red graves."

## XII.

The crafty Cecil mused awhile. "Great Queen, I would advise"—  
Flashed out the Tudor termagant—"We'll cuff thee on thine eyes—  
Advice we've had enow, good sooth; 'tis action we require,  
Ere that arch-traitor, Shane O'Neill, ignite that island's pyre."

## XIII.

"The Tower, thou say'st, might lodge O'Neill, and eke his savage train—  
Yet must we, for the nonce, with him a seeming friendship feign;—  
But when to Erin he returns, an' Sussex loves our grace,  
On Dublin Castle's highest gate shall grin Shane's lifeless face."

## XIV.

Ah, treachery doth treason breed in monarch as in kerne,—  
The Queen's foul guile was not so deep but Shane could it discern;  
False played he with the Deputy—"Albeit my promise, still,  
I'll harry these same Englishers while sword and axe may kill."

## XV.

And thus deceiving and deceived, Shane ruled in fair Tyrone,  
And lordly as his lordly sires, was king in all save throne;  
The proud Chief with his thousand horse, and twice two thousand men,  
Struck terror from the English Pale to Antrim's farthest glen.

## XVI.

In old Armagh's cathedral shrines, nor lauds nor matins rise,  
But oaths from Sydney's troopers there, pierced morn and evening skies.  
Through waves of fire, Shane burst in ire, destroying church and town;  
Then southward turned, and razed and burned, to spite the English crown.

## XVII.

Ah Shane! wert thou but true as brave, how high thy name would stand,  
No Sydney, for Elizabeth, had held thy native land;  
But treaties with thy friend or foe, were nought where stood thy will,  
And reckless passions unrestrained, bring tristful guerdon still.

## XVIII.

O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, Shane, hath joined thine English foes,  
And many of thy old allies thy swift downfall propose;  
Thy star of conquest, Shane, hath set—behold at Clan-hugh-bu,\*  
He, suppliant, sues M'Donnell Oge, his bitter enemy.

## XIX.

No more elate with power and state, as erst in London town,  
His kernes and galloglasses are to fifty men brought down;  
No saffron shirt, no jewelled skene, no flaunting banners now—  
Yet nothing could abase the pride enthroned upon that brow.

\* Claneboy.

## XX.

Mc'Donnell Oge within his tent holds par'ey with O'Neill;  
But Master Piers erewhile arrived—an envoy from the Pale;  
He urged upon the Western Scot O'Neill's foul deeds of yore,  
When ravaging green Antrim's glens, he left them red with gore.

## XXI.

"Mc'Donnell, he is in thy toils—let not that wild wolf free;  
Have thou a banquet spread for him—Shane loveth revelry.  
He and his hungry kernes will drink—ply thou the Spanish wine;  
And, *should a deadly feud arise*—three hundred marks are thine."

## XXII.

"Cead mille failte Shane O'Neill," the toast surged round and round:  
Strong usquebaugh and good red wine left many on the ground.  
Then boastful deeds of bygone raids were bandied to and fro—  
The wine worked well and, see, doth tell—"Who struck that craven blow?"

## XXIII.

"Ha! traitor!" cried the wounded chief, as with a furious spring,  
He smote his fierce encircling foes—a lion in a ring;—  
In grim array his classmen lay, all butchered at a sign,  
Alone Shane stood, 'mid gory flood, of mingled blood and wine!

## XXIV.

No word spake he, as on his breast he took their dastard blows:  
One look of high imperial pride he cast upon his foes:  
One rush, and in a caitiff's heart his trusty skene he sped—  
Then falling like the riven oak, he rested with the dead!

## XXV.

St. George! what high rejoicings swell throughout the English Pale,  
And junketings, and dance and song, from Derry to Kinsale!  
In Dublin Castle, Sydney holds a feast of royal state,  
Pledging with coward mockery Shane's head upon its gate!

JOHN DUGGAN.

REMINISCENCE OF A *CI-DEVANT* MEDICAL STUDENT.

ONE gloomy night in the month of November, 18—, (the precise year is unimportant) I was seated before a cheerful fire, enjoying the solace of my pipe, and building at intervals various and magnificent air castles, (for I was both young and inexperienced, and rather prided myself on being, as I thought, of "an imaginative turn of mind") in the little room, the right to an exclusive possession of which I rejoiced in, as resident pupil at the Coombe Hospital. I was engaged thus profitably for more than an hour, and had gradually settled down to the hope of an uninterrupted night, when the porter rudely broke in upon my dreaming, with the intelligence that a messenger had just arrived, with a request that "one of the gentlemen" would at once proceed to a case of extreme urgency, to which the person in attendance would conduct him. Although I was not supposed to be responsible for extern cases as "resident," I made no delay in preparing to accompany the messenger, as our Cerberus gave me to understand that I was the only pupil, intern or otherwise, then in the house. Having

muffled myself carefully, I descended to the hall, where I found a poorly-clad female in waiting. In answer to my inquiry, she stated that the patient in need of assistance was within a few minutes' walk of the Coombe, and that it was a sudden and unexpected case, in consequence of which there had been no previous communication with the hospital. Notwithstanding this latter fact, I directed her to lead the way as quickly as possible, determined to lose no time in rendering any service of which I might be capable. It was at this time about half-past twelve o'clock, a drizzling rain fell thickly, the streets were wet and miry, and the exterior aspect of affairs altogether most uncomfortable. I required therefore all the philosophy derivable from a consciousness of the humane mission upon which I was bent, to keep me from regretting the warm, if not luxurious quarters which I had just quitted. My companion evinced no inclination for conversation, and there was nothing either in her appearance or the circumstances which brought us together, to induce any effort on my part to "draw her out." We proceeded, silently for some minutes through the dingy streets and byways which lead from the Coombe to the neigh-

bourhood of Newmarket, upon reaching which, the woman stopped abruptly in front of one of the large old-fashioned houses so frequently met with in that quarter of the city. In the days when Dublin was the metropolis of a nation, this house might have been the residence of some distinguished, or at least of some opulent citizen, for it bore many outward indications of bygone importance. The doorway was lofty, with portals of sculptured stone, and a flight of steps, which raised it considerably above the level of the neighbouring footpath, while the door itself (evidently co-eval with the erection of the house,) was a massive and pretentious affair also. My conductor, as I have already stated, stopped here, and gave me to understand that we had reached our destination. Ascending the steps, the door gave way to a slight push, and we stood the next moment in the hall, and in total darkness. I say we, stood, because immediately on entering the hall the female turned, and placing her hand gently against me, as if to retard my further progress, she muttered, in a soft under tone—"Doctor, you must wait here while I go up and let them know you are come." I, of course, gave her to understand that I would do as she required, and in an instant I was alone with my reflections. I will confess they were on the whole rather disagreeable. I had not been much accustomed to these nightly excursions, and I could not contemplate the possibility of being obliged to remain some hours, perhaps, in close attendance upon a patient in a squalid apartment, with anything like pleasurable sensations. The hall in which I stood seemed, from the distance between the door and the stair-case (as indicated by the reverberations of the woman's footsteps), of considerable dimensions, both in length and elevation; and I could feel that it was panelled in wood, after the fashion of most houses of the period to which it belonged. I have already stated that on entering from the street we had passed into complete darkness. There was nothing extraordinary in this, as the night externally was dark and cheerless as it well could be, and one does not expect to find a lamp burning in the hall of a domicile let in tenements to the poor. The sound of the woman's feet in ascending the stairs had, however, scarcely ceased, when a feeling came over me, the precise nature of which it would perhaps be difficult to define, but which had certainly doubt, and the anticipation of some evil, largely commingled with it. Instinctively almost, I did that which I think would have been done by any person similarly situated—I turned to the door, in advance of which I stood a pace or two only, and felt about for something by which to pull it back, and let myself again into the open air. My search was a vain one. There appeared to be none of the ordinary appurtenances of lock, bolt, screw, or chain present; and yet, strange to say, by a closer digital investigation, I found that the door was fastened by some means or other, and no longer lay to unsecured, as must have been its condition, when a slight push had sufficed to throw it open a few moments previously. This discovery at first startled me a good deal, and the feeling which impelled

me to find my way out, became momentarily intensified, when I experienced a sense of inexpressible relief on hearing a watchman call the hour, and the next instant saw the gleam of his lantern through the crevices of the doorway, as he marched lazily past the house. I became at once completely re-assured—felt convinced that the apparent mystery of the bolted door was capable of simple explanation, and that my uneasy sensations were the combined effects of the darkness, my loneliness, and the lateness of the hour. I thus stood quietly awaiting the return of the woman.

Five minutes I seemed to stand fruitlessly expectant, when the sound—faint at first, but soon more distinct—of a descending foot caught my ear, and the moment after a sickly light gradually displayed itself, as the bearer appeared on the last flight of stairs, and gaining the hall, came towards me, with a miserable rushlight inserted in a bottle, extended before her. It was the same woman who had conducted me from the hospital, and I had now for the first time an opportunity of scrutinizing her features. It struck me that they were of the most repulsive cast I had ever seen in a woman, and as she approached I inquired in a stern tone, how it was that the door came to be fastened? She answered promptly, that there was a latch on it, which she supposed had "shot." At the same moment she raised the candle to the outer edge of the upper compartment of the door, where I perceived, truly enough, a small iron projection, to which she applied her thumb and pushed back the latch with which it communicated, whereupon the door stood at once ajar. This, coupled with a certain quiet self-confidence of manner which she displayed, satisfied me, and I inquired if the patient were ready to receive me? She replied in the affirmative, and intimated that I would have to proceed to the two-pair back room, and that she would go before in order to show me light.

She suited the action to the word, and walked slowly before me up the wide staircase, shading the weakly flame of the candle with her hollowed hand, for a chilling air stirred through the house as we went. Grim and desolate the place looked, I remember, in that uncertain and partially-diffused light. The panelling of the walls, which I could judge were once of a dark green, "picked out" with white mouldings, were now mostly of a greasy black, as though the accumulated dust of years had become stratified upon them through the action of damp. On reaching the two-pair landing, the woman turning, requested me, in the same quiet tone, and with the same confidential manner, to wait in the front room for a few minutes, until she saw that everything was ready for me inside." Opening the door of the apartment indicated, she stepped aside that I might pass in before her, which I did without hesitation. The appearance of the room contrasted strongly with what I had already seen. A cheerful fire burned in the old-fashioned grate, and although the furniture was both scanty and of the rudest kind, it was arranged in such a way as to give an air of comparative comfort to the place. A small deal table, bearing a

decanter, one or two bottles, and some glasses, stood at a short distance from the fire-place, near which were also placed—at opposite sides, as though they had been recently occupied—two chairs, of the same common material and rough construction as the table. Two other chairs at a different side of the room, a cupboard in the corner immediately opposite the door, and an old-fashioned, high-backed sofa, fitting into the space between the windows (which had their shutters closed and barred), completed the fittings of the room, which, I should also mention, had a second door on a line with that opening on the lobby. I drew over one of the distant chairs, and placing it in front of this door, and considerably to the right of the table, sat down in expectation of the female's return.

Scarcely three minutes had elapsed when the lobby-door opened, and a decently-dressed, but vulgar-looking man, rather powerfully built, and seemingly about fifty years of age, entered the apartment. He closed the door firmly behind him, and advancing towards me, said, in a quiet but decided voice—"You are the surgeon, I believe, sir?"

"Not a surgeon yet," I replied, "though I have come here for the purpose of attending on a patient who, as I learn, is in want of immediate help."

"But you are all the same, I suppose," said he, "as if you were a surgeon—you know what to do in case of accident—if a man got a bad wound, or——?"

"My good man," I interrupted, rather sharply—for I did not perceive what right a person in his position, and under the circumstances, had to question me in such a way—"I have not come here to answer an examination for my diploma, but to attend on a sick woman, and I do not wish to be delayed unnecessarily."

He seemed taken aback somewhat by this reply, for, turning from me with some muttered exclamation, the purport of which I failed to catch, he threw himself on one of the chairs beside the table, and filling a glass of whiskey, drank it off at a gulp, and with great apparent relish. This accomplished, he said with the same easy confidence as before: "A drop of this"—pointing to a decanter—"will do you good before you go to your work;—come over to the fire and make yourself comfortable while you wait."

The unpleasant feeling which the man's appearance and manner had induced from the first, was so great, that even had I been disposed towards conviviality, I should have declined his invitation. As it was, being in an opposite mood, I refused abruptly, stating that it was not my custom to drink anything stronger than tea when abroad professionally.

"Well, every one to his taste," said he, refilling his glass, "if you were after as long a journey, and as hard a day's work as myself, perhaps you'd prefer a drop of the native too. Here's to your good health, at all events!"

"I wish to know," said I, "when I am to be shown to the patient? I understood from the messenger who came for me, that she was in a state requiring immediate attention."

He looked at me with a meaning expression for a few seconds without replying, when wheeling his chair round so as to bring himself perfectly opposite me, he said in a deliberate measured accent: "It's not a woman you have come to attend at all, Doctor—that I may as well tell you before we go farther."

"Not a woman!" I exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this deception? Who are you, sir, and why have I been led here on a false representation?"

A smile of that peculiar character described by novelists as the "sardonic," overcame his features at this outburst, and after another brief pause, he replied: "You'll know everything soon enough, only just don't get into a passion—you'll not be delayed longer than is necessary for the safety of the person in whose behalf your assistance is required—that you may rely on."

"You mistake very much," said I, "if you think I can be trifled with in this way, with impunity;" and rising, I approached the door with the view of quitting the room. Imagine my dismay on finding that we were locked in.

"I suspected such a movement on your part, doctor, and provided for it," was his cool remark, as I turned towards him on making this discovery.

"Then I am your prisoner?" I said.

"Well, it is my intention" he resumed, "that you remain in these apartments, until the purpose for which I brought you here is accomplished. That is all. If it pleases you to consider yourself a prisoner, you are, of course, at liberty to gratify your inclinations in that respect—indeed, it is only right to tell you, that you are completely in my power, and that any attempt at escape or resistance can only prove dangerous, if not fatal, to yourself." Here he drew from his pocket a small double-barrelled pistol, which he tapped significantly, and then returned to its resting-place.

There was a determination in the fellow's air, and a coolness and precision in his style of expressing himself, which impressed me forcibly with the conviction, that my best course was to submit, and I accordingly resumed my seat without further remark.

The time occupied in the highly satisfactory explanation just detailed, was little more than a minute, and in less than half that time after its conclusion, a tap was given at the door communicating between the two rooms. My gaoler immediately answered it by partially opening the door, and standing midway between both apartments, his eyes directed to me, while he listened to something which was being said in a subdued voice by some one inside—(the woman who had brought me to the house, as well as I could judge from the indistinct mutterings which reached me). The communication ended, he approached me, saying:

"Your intended patient is now ready to receive you. I have only to request that you will do your best for his relief. We had an ugly adventure this morning, and he got a ball in his arm which causes him a great deal of suffering. You will be well paid for your trouble; but remember what I have already said," (and



here he pointed to the pocket in which the pistol was deposited; "no attempt at escape or alarm, if you value your life."

This said, he opened the door, and we entered the back room together. It was less comfortable in aspect than the other, probably because of the absence of fire, and at the end farthest from the door by which we had entered, it assumed a semi-circular form. Here, stretched on an old partially dilapidated four-post bed, outside the coverlet, and in his clothes, was a man, seemingly many years younger than my friend of the pistol, but still bearing a marked resemblance to him otherwise. His face presented traces of great suffering, and when I proceeded to examine the injured arm (his left), which was rudely bandaged outside the coat-sleeve, it was with evident difficulty that he restrained himself from crying aloud so great was the torture which he endured. The arm, I found, was not broken; the ball had entered a short distance above the elbow-joint, and taking an oblique direction upwards, lodged in the large muscular portion of the arm, lacerating the parts severely in its progress. Its extraction I accomplished without very much trouble to myself, but the wounded man suffered acutely during the process, as was, of course, to be expected. The bullet was a small one, not very much larger than a swan-drop, and when I held it up for the inspection of the two friends, I could perceive an expression of relief and gratification strongly depicted in the countenance of the elder.

"You have done your work well and expeditiously," he said, addressing me, "and shall be at no loss for your trouble."

I made no reply to this observation, but proceeded to bandage up the injured arm, recommending the owner to get into bed and have some sleep, of which he appeared to stand in need, for he was both nervous and febrile.

A look of "mute intelligence" between the two men was the only response to my advice. When I had completed my task, the elder motioned me to the front room, where he again invited me to have something to drink, which invitation I again declined.

"Well," said he, "you'll never have it to say that I was not a man of my word at any rate." Here he pulled from his breast pocket a dark leather purse—apparently well filled—from which he took five sovereigns, counting them out on the table near which I stood.

"There's your fee, Doctor, and I hope you'll never be worse paid for as bad a job."

I took up the money complacently enough—why should I not?—and put it into my pocket, after which I ventured to inquire if I was then at liberty to take my leave.

"Not yet exactly," was the reply. "I am still under the necessity of keeping you my prisoner for some time; but—"

He broke off thus suddenly on hearing a short decisive tap at the door leading to the lobby; then looking straight into my face with a bold, penetrating gaze, he leaned over to me, and whispered, in a voice scarcely above

his breath—"Not a word now, or you are ruined. If you stir an inch, I'll shoot you dead!" and he drew the pistol from his pocket as before.

The tapping was repeated, and this time with greater loudness than before.

He stepped back softly towards the inner room; and as he opened the door, shook his arm at me in a menacing way, as if to signify, "mind what I have said, or else—"

The door then closed behind him, and I never saw him afterwards.

The police—for it *was* the police—after tapping unsuccessfully for perhaps three or four minutes, commenced pushing at the door, with the view of driving it in. But it was of sounder material, and more strongly secured than the room doors of dwelling-houses usually are, and it resisted their efforts most obstinately. My position—as the reader may imagine—was, to say the least of it, an embarrassing one. What was I to do? If I stirred a step or raised my voice, my eccentric friend *might* spring in upon me—I still supposed him to be in the adjoining room—and carry his threat to execution summarily: whereas, if I remained quiescent while the officers of justice were endeavouring to effect the capture of a criminal, as I naturally assumed the fellow to be, I might not only be captured myself, but treated as an accomplice after the fact, into the bargain. I concluded, however, that, on the whole, my best policy was to remain perfectly neutral, and this policy I adhered to most conscientiously, until the officers, of whom there were three, at last succeeded in obtaining an entry. They saw at once I was not the person of whom they were in search, and by a series of mute signals—for I was still afraid to speak—I gave them to understand that they should direct their attention to the next room. One of the fellows was accordingly placed in charge of me, while the others proceeded to force open the door, between the apartments, for it also was locked. The result of their investigation was to find the room unoccupied by any human being. I insisted on being permitted to view the apartment, and great indeed was my astonishment at finding it empty. How had my gaoler and his wounded companion—in whom he seemed to feel so great an interest—made their escape? The particulars are known only to themselves; but the only apparent means of egress, save the door leading to the lobby (and that was out of the question), and the chimney—almost equally impossible—was the window—a bay one—and the fall from this to the yard beneath, was scarcely less than thirty feet. Out of the windows, therefore, they must have gone, unless their escape was aided by supernatural agency; but of the particulars, as I have already stated, I know nothing definite.

No time was lost in searching the other rooms in the house, as well as the yard at the back. It was found, however, that no portion of the premises was occupied, save the two apartments described: in the yard, which was unpaved, we found traces of recently-imprinted footsteps, extending from the space immediately underneath the window to a door at the farther end, which opened

into a laneway, and which door was then lying wide open. Two of the party of thief-catchers were dispatched in pursuit by the chief in command, who requested me to accompany him to the watch-house, for the purpose of giving an explanation in reference to the very suspicious position in which I was discovered. It is, perhaps, more straightforward to admit at once that I was taken into custody; but on arriving at the watch-house, the man on duty, who knew me well, as a student connected with "Old Peter Street," (the school which is now appropriately named "the Ledwich," in commemoration of the late Thomas Ledwich, F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A., one of the ablest professors ever attached to it,) discharged me on my own bail, after stating my case to him. From him I learned that my mysterious friends of Newmarket were the suspected perpetrators of a most daring burglary and robbery, as well as attempted murder, committed the previous morning, at a very early hour, on the branch bank at —. The robbers, it appeared, had effected an entrance through the back part of the house, by some of the usual burglarious appliances, into the cash office, where the principal safe was broken open, and a sum of nearly £500, in gold, abstracted and carried off successfully. The manager of the establishment was awakened by the noise resulting from some of these operations, and at once proceeded, with pistols and light in hand, down stairs. It is necessary to state that he was an unmarried man, and the only person living in the house with him was an old female servant, who slept in the top back room, the building being of three stories. As he entered the cash-office, the men were preparing to decamp with their booty, when he discharged one of his pistols, and was about taking aim with the second, upon which he was felled to the ground by a stunning blow. He knew nothing more, and some hours afterwards, was found senseless in a pool of his own blood, by the old servant, as she was about to commence her household duties. She gave the alarm immediately; and, surgical aid being called in, it was found that Mr. —, although not fatally injured, had received several desperate and ghastly wounds, (evidently inflicted with some blunt instrument) in the head, which it was impossible for him to have survived had they not been treated with the utmost caution and skill. The bank was situated in a comparatively isolated position in the town of —, which accounted for the fact of the pistol-shot not having attracted any notice in the neighbourhood (which it did not); while, at the same time, it afforded the robbers greater facilities in other respects.

When intelligence of the affair reached Dublin, suspicion at once fell upon the two gentlemen of the lonely house, the scene of my night's adventure. They had been a long time under police *surveillance*—(in those days not, by any means, so acute or extensive in its ramifications as the detective system of the present time)—as "doubtful characters," and it was known that they had been out of town for some days. The result of the attempt to effect their capture, by the Dublin authorities, I have already detailed.

Some weeks afterwards, the younger of the two men in question was arrested at a lodging-house in Liverpool, where he was lying in a state of convalescence from fever. He was brought to Ireland, tried at the ensuing assizes for the county, convicted, and transported for life. He had been at one time employed as porter in the bank, but was dismissed for repeated irregularities. His brother and accomplice succeeded in "baffling justice" completely, having escaped to America. Both men belonged to the county in which the robbery was committed; and the elder, who had commenced life as a cattle-dealer, very soon acquired a reputation for laxity of conduct, which brought him into disrepute even with the not over sensitive class to which he belonged. He was frequently suspected as the perpetrator of robberies from the person of men in his own calling, when intoxication rendered them an easy subject for his experiments; but owing to the tact and audacity which he so eminently possessed, he had always contrived to escape the legitimate consequences of his rascality.

I cannot explain why he took such an apparently round-about course to procure surgical assistance for his brother, no more than I can elucidate the seeming mystery of their joint escape from the two-pair back room on that remarkable night. It is therefore useless to question me on these points. The woman who had acted as his accomplice in my deception was taken into custody and examined before a magistrate; but she represented herself as an occasional attendant only on the parties whom she believed (as she said, the rogue,) to be "honest, well-conducted gentlemen," and there being no evidence to inculcate her in any way, she was discharged.

## A LOG.

### I.—HEAVE HO!

Heave ho, brothers, sing  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
 Set our sea-bird on the wing,  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
 With cable strain and windlass creak,  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
 Swing the bower stay-a-peak.  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
 Lull, wind, or blow,  
 Ebb, tide, or flow,  
 Out to sea  
 Cheerily  
 We will go,  
 With yeo heave ho!  
 Heave, my hearties.

Heave ho, sing and heave,  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
 Home and country we must leave,  
 Heave ho, heave, my hearties!

Hands we part, and hearts bereave,  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
Still to us sweet souls will cleave,  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
Ebb, tide, or flow,  
Lull, wind, or blow,  
Out to sea  
Cheerily  
We will go,  
With yeo heave ho!  
Heave, my hearties.

With windlass creak and cable strain,  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
Flies blue-Peter at the main,  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
To bluer waves and a bluer sky,  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
Points that messenger on high.  
Heave ho, heave, my hearties!  
Hurrah! we glide  
With the teeming tide,  
Out to sea  
Cheerily.  
So sing as we go,  
Yeo heave ho!  
Sing, my hearties.

#### II.—SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY.

Swiftly and silently, swiftly and silently!  
Sons of the home-stricken, home-loving Gael,  
Homeward we sail,  
Swiftly and silently.

On to the Virgin West  
Kindly and fair—  
Swiftly and silently, swiftly and silently!—  
In the still woods awaiting to bless the unblest:  
Would we were there,  
Swiftly and silently!

Swiftly and silently, ever we go,  
Swiftly and silently;  
Full of strange loneliness, hopefulness, woe:  
Swiftly and silently, swiftly and silently!

Tell us, oh! mariner, where the wind bloweth  
Swiftly and silently?

Tell us, oh! mariner, where the tide floweth  
Swiftly and silently?

Swiftly and silently blowing, re-blowing;  
Swiftly and silently ebbing and flowing.

Oh! shall we come back from whence we are going,  
Swiftly and silently?

Leaving our labours, swiftly and silently;  
Leaving dear neighbours, swiftly and silently;  
Leaving our nearest and dearest behind us;  
Drying the bitter, hot tears, that would blind us;  
Swiftly and silently, swiftly and silently!

The graves of our fathers—our child-haunts we shun,  
Swiftly and silently;  
Turning our face to the path of the sun,  
Swiftly and silently.

Onward we speed with the stride of the blast,  
Swiftly and silently,  
Fleeing the doom of the terrible past,  
Swiftly and silently.

Is it a Passover?—Eat we our bread,  
Swiftly and silently,  
Armed, girded, shod, and with awe-covered head,  
Signed with the sign that the angel shall dread,  
As onward he passeth to number the dead,  
Swiftly and silently!

#### III.—LANDED!

Harboured: farewell, friendly ocean!  
Town-pent, with disease and sin.  
Riverwards: again in motion.  
Landed. Now our toils begin.

On! on! at the wooden wall.  
Hew! hew! till the great trees' fall,  
Yield the way to the rich, rich soil:  
Way of ease to the foot of toil.  
But, ah! for the riches no strange land yields!  
And heaven hung nearer our open fields.  
This is the spot to our hand assigned;  
(The seed before and the rain behind!)  
Look! look—not backward now,  
The land is clear, and we hold the plough.  
Loving Father! we bless our bread;  
But the heart is full when the grace is said.

Sharpen the scythes. With sweeping bow  
Cut! cut! *we* work too slow.  
Bind! bind! the good sheaves grow  
For the months we kiss. But, ah, not so,  
We worked in the old fields long ago.  
Here the breeze blows full, and fresh, and fair,  
But there we could *breathe* its blessed air.  
Loving Father, we bless our bread,  
But the heart is full when the grace is said.

Tramp! tramp! on the iron way,  
Where the soul smooths paths for the foot of clay.  
The sleepers, never more to rest,  
Lay on the red earth's troubled breast.  
Dig, deep! lay the trams secure.  
Heap, high! make the broad bank sure.  
Dig! 'tis the grave of our lingering woes.  
Heap! So the hope of our children grows  
Day by day.—'Tis a golden way,  
But ah! not the way that we used to pass,  
To the gleesome school, and the holy Mass;  
Where the daisy sprang on the dewy path,  
By the grey grave-yard in the lonely rath.\*  
Loving Father, we bless our bread,  
But the heart is full when the grace is said.

\* The daisy is not met with in North America. Several fruitless attempts have been made to naturalize it there.

Dig! dig! wide, not deep,  
 Here thou shalt rest on this weary steep,  
 Here lowly lie, and calmly sleep.  
 Brother, for whom we must not weep.  
 Oh! true of heart! Oh! strong and brave,  
 Who bore us along like a bounding wave!  
 Oh! spirit to lead! oh! soul to save!  
 Hush! hush! Fill up the grave.

Grace to all brings grief to some:  
 Father of all, Thy kingdom come!

#### IV.—ONWARD.

On through the desert void and drear,  
 Though the heart grow faint and the eyes grow blear.  
 Give no pause for faltering fear—  
 No pause, no rest for the Exile here!  
 Hark! hear ye not that strange sweet sound?  
 The water-gurgle under ground.  
 Stay! stay! Let us clear a well,  
 Here in the heart of this desert dell;  
 And the living green for aye shall grow,  
 Where'er its wandering waters go.

And sow the seed. In good time to be  
 For the blessed well a sheltering tree.  
 Unto its fruited boughs shall flock,  
 Birds that chatter, that hymn, that mock:  
 Spirits that over the world-waste fly,  
 With the voice of Hope and the open eye;  
 Bearers, aye, of the passing Spring,  
 To the winter-chained and the weak of wing.

Bid the famished Red Man's race,  
 Hither, from many a lurking place!  
 Hither, the newness of life to gain,  
 'Mid the southing sward and rippling grain;  
 Here, where love their gaze shall greet,  
 In the rolling maize and wavy wheat;  
 Here, to gather, day by day,  
 Strength for the journey far away.

Away! away! on our weary way,  
 Fast to follow the God of Day.  
 We must not wait while the fair tree grows;  
 Till "the wilderness blossometh like the rose;"  
 Till in corn and in wine hath our work increase,  
 Till our brother man be possessed of peace:  
 No, no. But still as we go,  
 Let us scatter sweet salt for the buffalo,  
 In the seams of the rock, on the boulder-strewn path,  
 For the herd, the wild flock, and the scapegoats of wrath!  
 Down! down! to the golden strand,  
 O'er the rocky heights, to the dewy land,  
 Down by the shore of the sea of Peace;  
 There shall our troubles and toilings cease.  
 Vain, vain hope. Arm! arm! for life!  
 This is the deadliest field of strife,

Close! close! rank and file,  
 Soldiers of Christ, from the holy isle.

March! march! with the flag of light,  
 To wage the war and to fight the fight,  
 Or under arms to await the night.

Sunburst of light and of liberty!—  
 Halo circling the Blessed Tree!  
 Banner green! In folds unfurled,  
 We've borne thee free 'mid a warring world!  
 The strife is over: the battle done.  
 Ere the set of the sinking sun,  
 The holy river must be won.

Sacramento! river blest,  
 Bear us forth to the heavenly West;  
 Out, out to the open sea,  
 Unto Liberty! unto Liberty!

#### SWIFT GOSSIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF  
 LORD CLONCUNRY."

In April, 1667, Mr. Jonathan Swift, Steward to the Society of King's Inns, Dublin, died, and on November 30th following, his wife Abigail, then in very destitute circumstances, was delivered of a son, at No. 7 Hoey's Court, in the vicinity of Werburgh Street. His nurse took a singular and romantic fancy to the child: she carried him off clandestinely to England, and for some years efforts were vainly made to trace the spot of his concealment. Godwin and William Swift, the uncles of little Jonathan, shewed him some kindness, and mainly contributed to his maintenance and education. Scott records an anecdote, on the authority of Theophilus Swift, which represents Dr. Whittingham accosting the great man, in after life, with: "Pray, Mr. Dean, was it not your uncle Godwin who educated you?" Whereupon Swift is said to have replied: "Yes, he gave me the education of a dog." There is evidence, however, to shew that Godwin Swift placed his nephew at the age of six, in the celebrated school of Kilkenny, in which Bishop Berkeley also received his education. Here he remained until his fourteenth year, when he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner. But Swift's academic course was much more distinguished for boisterous, and often wanton fun, than for that precocity of talent and steady application which, about the same period, marked the collegiate studies of William, afterwards Archbishop King. Swift entertained and avowed a strong distaste to the fashionable studies of that day, and "some," writes Scott, "were very ill suited to his genius. Logic, then deemed a principal object of learning, was in vain presented to his notice; neither did he pay regular attention to other studies more congenial to his disposition." Among the habits which Swift contracted when in the University, was that tendency to parsimony which clung to him, as a specialty, throughout the entire of his subsequent life. He had tasted the bitters of indigence, and he seemed in per-



petual dread, even in his hours of prosperity, of a recurrence of this terrible visitation. Swift at last succeeded in obtaining a bachelor's degree; from which one might infer that he was determined, even at the eleventh hour, to make up for long neglect by earnest application. But Dr. Barrett, who very carefully consulted the College books, has discovered, that even after graduating, Swift was admonished for notorious neglect of duties, and that he was almost continually under some punishment. The same authentic tell-tale records that Swift, and a youth name Sergeant, were the ring-leaders of a clique of dissolute and turbulent collegians, and that the University not only suspended them from their degrees, but sentenced the culprits to ask pardon on their knees of Dr. Owen Lloyd, the Junior Dean. Then it was that the haughty spirit of Swift received a shock from which it never afterwards recovered; and an undying enmity towards the University, but especially towards Dr. Lloyd, began to form in his heart from that moment. Swift, notwithstanding his erratic course, received pardon, and was reinstated in his degree; and the statement of Mr. Richardson, that he was expelled from the University, is therefore incorrect. This pardon, however, failed to allay Swift's irritation, of which the vindictive vehemence with which he afterwards assailed Dr. Lloyd conclusively shews. But his pride was wounded in other ways; and we learn from Mr. Wills, that in 1688, "after meeting with a galling humiliation in the University, Swift resolved on a removal to England. He had no prospect of advancement where he was, and both the University and the country, which had been to him the scene of every misery and degradation, were hateful in his eyes." Swift was connected, through his mother, with Sir William Temple. He applied to that great statesman for patronage and protection, and was at length engaged by him as amanuensis, at £20 a year. Stung by the convulsive pang of a long and deeply-seated resentment, Swift flung himself into his new vocation with—to quote the words of one of his biographers—"a fiery sense of wounded self-importance, and a fiercely stung spirit of self-assertion." In forcing his way out of obscurity and disgrace, he manfully applied all the energies of his nature. He also overcame the besetting errors of his youth, and manifested henceforth considerable craft and steadiness. Temple's penetrative sagacity soon, but not at once, discovered the master-mind of Swift. He frequently conversed on interesting topics with the amanuensis, and Swift received from conversation so exalted and sparkling a strong impulse to self-improvement. He now devoted eight hours a day to study, and we are told that this severity of application proved eminently injurious to his health. After battling for two years with a disease mainly induced by mental labour, Swift visited Ireland, in the hope of deriving some benefit from change of scene and climate. "He drank physic from the fields, and draughts of vital air," as his cotemporary Dryden has it; but the disease refused to disappear completely, and he returned to Moor Park, where Sir W. Temple received him with marks of strong regard and

affection. He rapidly grew in the favour and confidence of his influential patron. William III., on more than one occasion, visited Temple, for the purpose of conferring with him privately on public affairs; and it is recorded that Swift was allowed to be present at these confidential interviews. Gout would sometimes so completely disable Sir William, that Swift was deputed to entertain the royal guest. The monarch was pleased with Swift's conversation, familiarly showed him how to cut and eat asparagus in the Dutch fashion, and offered him a troop of horse. From a letter dated November 29, 1692, it may be inferred that King William promised him a prebend also; but this was one of the promises which, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken. During the same year Swift went to Oxford, and applied for a master's degree, which he obtained. Swift wrote much at this period, and in a conversation with Mr. Rendal, he declared that "he had written, burned, and written again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England." In showing some of his verses to Dryden, the latter exclaimed pithily, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet!" D'Israeli, noticing this circumstance, observes, "The enraged wit never forgave it. He has indulged the utmost licentiousness of personal rancour; he places Dryden by the side of the lowest of poets." Swift's vindictive tenacity of feeling, whenever he conceived his pride wantonly wounded, was very striking, and formed through life a prominent idiosyncrasy in his character. His hastiness of temper also frequently shewed itself, and in 1693, we find him quarrelling with Temple, and leaving Moor Park for Ireland. Here he applied to several bishops for ordination, but he received for reply, that without a recommendation from Sir W. Temple, orders could not be obtained. For five months Swift sought to digest the gall of this humiliating *contre-temps* and dilemma. His wounded pride revolted at the idea of succumbing to Temple; but the case was one of peculiar urgency, and—poverty, but not his will consenting—he at last addressed a communication to Sir William, which was found long after, endorsed—"Swift's penitential letter." The baronet was appeased, and in October, 1694, Swift obtained deacon's orders on his recommendation. Immediately after he was appointed to the living of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor; but Swift found the retreat insipid, and he readily embraced the invitation of Sir William to return to Moor Park. Here he first met Esther Johnson, the beautiful Stella, with whom much of Swift's after life is episodically and somewhat mysteriously interwoven. He studied intensely on his return, but was now more careful of his health, and adopted the practice of daily exercise, by running half a mile up and down a hill every two hours. In 1699, his patron Sir William Temple died, leaving Swift all his manuscripts, together with £100, and a leasehold interest to Stella. Swift published the literary remains, and dedicated the work to King William, whom he solicited privately, at the same time, to give him a prebend of Canterbury, or Westminster. The request was treated with silent contempt. We are told that Sir William Temple had

obtained a promise of the prebend for Swift; but the truth of the apothegm, "put not your faith in princes," was soon manifest. Swift happily found a new patron at this juncture. Lord Berkley, on proceeding to Ireland as Viceroy, invited Swift to act as his private secretary and chaplain. He accepted the proposal, and accompanied that nobleman to Dublin; but a quarrel soon after separated them for ever. Swift was in fact a bad confidant for a certain class of state secrets; he was an Irish patriot at heart, and he honestly and courageously resisted whatever he thought inimical to his country's good. In 1700 we find him installed in the living of Laracor, where his conduct as a clergyman is described as being most exemplary. His church was thinly attended, however, and Lord Orrery records that Swift, on one occasion, addressed the service to a congregation consisting only of his clerk. In the following year Swift's mental powers may be said to have shot into their zenith. The incidents of his grand public life, and brilliant literary career, may be dated and traced from this period. They are already engraven on the appreciative heart of Ireland, and it might seem supererogatory for our feeble pen to seek to imprint them deeper. We have rapidly sketched the comparatively little-known years of Swift's early life, and it but remains to jot down, in a few recording words, his principal acts, achievements and death. Dr. Wilde, we may add, in "The Closing Years of Swift's Life," has left little to be desired regarding that interesting period of his career.

In 1701, having then taken out his Doctor's degree, Swift first entered on the political arena, by publishing "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissentions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome," and in 1704 appeared that inimitable piece of humour, "The Tale of a Tub." "The Battle of the Books," after the manner of Rabelais, a burlesque comparison between ancient and modern authors, in which Dryden was made to feel the rebound of Swift's wounded pride, was appended to "the Tale of a Tub." In 1708 no less than four distinct works on religion and politics appeared from his pen; and in 1710 we find him on terms of intimacy with Addison, chief secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. He also gained the confidence of Bolingbroke and his friends to such a degree, that he became one of the sixteen brothers who dined alternately at each other's tables. In 1711 was published, "A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English tongue,"—in a letter to Lord Oxford, which sought to establish an Institution on the principle of the French Academy, with a view to preserve, intact, the purity of the language, which had latterly begun to suffer from the rhymes of poetasters, and the flippancies of illiterate pamphleteers. His own style had long elicited the admiration of critics, for its simplicity, clearness, and purity, though we regret to add, not always in a moral sense. The same year introduced to the world, "The Conduct of the Allies," written to promote peace, and which was received with immense favour. In 1712 appeared, "Reflections on the Barrier Treaty,"

and "Remarks" on Burnet's Introduction to the third volume of his History of the Reformation, in which he gave that learned prelate a castigation not likely to be soon forgotten. Swift aspired to a bishopric, but Archbishop Sharpe warned Queen Anne, that one who could write "The Tale of a Tub," had scant orthodoxy, and that the deanery of St. Patrick's was the only preferment which might with safety be given to him. To this dignity Swift was accordingly presented in 1713. He lost little time in effecting a meritorious reform in the chapter of St. Patrick's, over which he obtained an ascendancy and authority unequalled by any of his predecessors. His house in Kevin street became the centre of opinion and attraction. He twice a week entertained the best company—Stella regulating the table, but always departing at night with the other guests. In 1716, a private marriage between Stella and Swift was solemnized by the Bishop of Clogher; but the matrimonial contract was never consummated, and Stella, after a time, languished and died. As a solution of the mystery, Dr. Wilde has recently hinted the opinion, that Stella was the daughter of Sir William Temple, and Swift his son, consequently Stella's half brother. This would account, as Dr. Wilde remarks, for many hitherto inexplicable portions of Swift's conduct relative to both Stella and Vanessa. Sir Walter Scott, however, has materially disturbed this theory by the statement, that Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665, until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, until January, 1668.

In 1720, the dean was roused into honest indignation by the oppressive manner in which Ireland was governed; and some patriotic pamphlets appeared from his pen, including: "A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures," which rendered him a great popular favourite. His celebrated Drapier Letters followed, in which he fearlessly and ably exposed the gross job of Wood's patent for a supply of copper coinage. A large reward was offered by the government for the author of these letters, but the secret was never communicated officially to the law-officers of the crown, although no one had any doubt of Swift being the author. From this date the Dean became the public idol of the Irish people. The late Rev. J. F. Ennis, of Meath Street, told us that he had once professionally attended an old female centenarian in the neighbourhood of Patrick Street. She often spoke to him of Dean Swift, and added, that he never left the deanery house in Kevin Street without an immense attendance behind him of washed and unwashed admirers, who cheered enthusiastically their "darlin' dane." In 1726, Swift became as popular among youths as he had previously been with adults, by the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," a work so well known that we need not add a line of commentary upon it. In the same year, he co-operated with Pope in the compilation of three volumes of "Miscellanies," leaving to the poet all the profits of the publication. Stella had lingered until about this time, and when the hectic flush of consumption had proclaimed the ruin of her

health, it is said that he offered to acknowledge her as a wife, but she faintly replied, "It is too late." Rogers, in his recently published "Recollections," records a conversation of Grattan's, from which it appears that Stella used frequently to visit his aunt, and sleep with her in the same bed, and weep all night.

Swift acquired a similar ascendancy over the feelings of Hester Vanhomrigh, alias Vanessa, another beautiful and accomplished woman, and the result was also similar. Possessed of great talents, great beauty, and great fortune, her society was eagerly sought after. Swift loved to guide her literary instruction: the pupil became enamoured of the master; and he could ill restrain the boast, that a girl of eighteen had contracted a romantic attachment "for a gown of forty-five." He culpably trifled with her passion. She hinted marriage, but the hint failed to take. The flush of youth and beauty gradually merged into the hectic glow of a fevered mind, and a breaking heart. In Vanessa's will she charged her executors, including Bishop Berkeley, to publish Swift's correspondence with her; but singular to say, they declined to act upon the dying lady's request. His letters to Vanessa are, we believe, still extant. Some mutilated extracts from them were intrusted to Sir Walter Scott for publication. There is also in existence the Dean's correspondence with Knightly Chetwode, Esq., from 1714 to 1731; and Dr. Wilde expresses a wish (*Closing Years of Swift's Life*, p. 29) that the present R. W. Chetwode, Esq., of Portarlington, could be persuaded to publish this interesting correspondence. "It is a debt he owes to his ancestors, his country, and himself."

After the death of Stella, Swift's life became much retired; but he continued, as of old, to send forth from his study an uninterrupted and energetic succession of efforts to ameliorate the condition of his country and his countrymen. Innumerable effusions, both in prose and verse, had in view this generous end: in addition to which, he regularly dedicated a third of his income to charity. Some of his most striking poems were written at this period, including the celebrated "Verses on his own Death." In 1736, he sustained a severe attack on the brain, attended by deafness, which prevented him from attempting, during the remainder of his life, any work requiring much thought. His "Polite Conversation" was no doubt published subsequent to this illness, together with his inimitable satiric "Directions to Servants;" but both works had emanated from his brain, at a period when his mental powers were in their zenith. This, and other ironical compositions to which we have adverted, constitute Swift the Lucian of the modern world. The faculties of Swift's mind had begun to decay long before those of his robust constitution, and in 1742, a gradual evaporation of the reasoning power at length reduced his once splendid "dome of thought—the palace of the soul," to a sink of idiotic stagnation. A glimmering of reason, at very wide intervals, occasionally shot forth, like the convulsive bounds of an expiring taper; but this effort to re-assert

his mental strength, only rendered the great man's state the more pitiable and wretched.

Swift had a presentiment that his fine, bright mind would one day be bathed in utter darkness; and Young relates a very touching anecdote illustrative of this feeling. Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. "Perceiving he did not follow us," says Young, "I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm which, in the uppermost branches, was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree—I shall die at the top.'"

In October 1745, he fell with the leaves, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His fortune, though not large, was sufficiently ample, and he bequeathed the major part of it to an hospital in Bow Lane, for the reception of lunatics. This intention he had already made known in his admirable verses upon his own death,

"To shew, by one satiric touch,  
The nation needed it so much."

With one memorable exception, Swift's memory has suffered long and severely from the calumnious misrepresentation of Scotch writers, both during his own life-time and since. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1816, made a savage onslaught upon Swift, and in 1819, there appeared from the pen of the Rev. Edward Berwick, editor of the *Rawdon Papers*, "A Defence of Dr. Jonathan Swift, in answer to certain observations based on his Life and Writings, in the *Edinburgh Review*." It, however, was not until the publication of Monck Mason's "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," that Swift's reputation was placed upon a steady and respectable basis. Rowley Lascelles, in the *Liber Hibernice*, ii. 22, says, "that book has vindicated talent and virtue from personal envy, faction, and national prejudice: in fact, the reputation of Swift had been again and again rendered next to infamous by Scotch compliments," &c. It is easy to shew that the stream of Scotch hypercriticism, which has so long continued to flow upon the memory of Swift, is not of a very disinterested character. In 1704, Swift, in "the Public Spirit of the Whigs," found it necessary to advance some wholesome truths against certain doings in Scotland. The entire country, from Caithness to Solway Firth, rose indignant at Swift's daring. The Duke of Argyle, and other Scottish peers, issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author, and a prosecution was with great difficulty avoided. Sir Walter Scott, in his able *Life of Swift*, occasionally hints that the dean hated his country, and longed for an excuse to abandon its shores for ever. It is, however, evident from his MS. notes, in Clarendon's "Civil Wars," that it was to the country of his biographer, and not to his own, that Swift's "hatred" was implacably directed; and it is mainly for the purpose of directing attention to these singular and hitherto unpublished memoranda, that we have delineated a few pages to this summary sketch of the illustrious and eccentric Dean of St. Patrick's.

These marginal remarks of Swift's appear written with his own hand in nearly two hundred places on the margin of the copy of Clarendon's Civil Wars in England, in Marsh's Library, St. Patrick's Cathedral. They are, for the most part, ebullitions of the Dean's rancour against the Scots, but occasionally other persons and subjects come in for a dash of his splenetic pen. The following may serve as specimens of the whole:—On the fly-leaf of the first volume he wrote: "The cursed, hellish villainy, treachery, treasons, of the Scots, were the chief grounds and cause of that execrable rebellion;" at pages 94 and 95 he wrote: "Scots dogs—cursed Scots for ever," and the same expressions are repeated, with or without variation, on several pages, exhibiting the poor Dean's frantic wrath in a most ludicrous manner, and giving strong indications that when they were written he was already labouring under his last fatal malady. On the words, "People of honour in Scotland" (p. 129), he wrote: "Cursed, hellish Scots—Greedy Scotch rebellious dogs!" On "the rule of the Scots in Ulster" (p. 245), Swift's commentary was:—"Sent cursed rebel Scots, who opposed the English in that kingdom as the Irish rebels did, and were governors of that province." "The godly divines of the Scots," he styles "cursed fanatics" (vol. 2, p. 91); and again (p. 134), the "Kirk" is annotated "Hell!" "Shaftesbury" he calls "An everlasting rogue" (vol. 2, p. 262); on the "marriage between parliament and the Scots" (p. 284) he writes: "Satan was parson;" the Duke of Hamilton, he describes, as a "hellish, treacherous villain of a Scot" (p. 293); Argyle was an odious dog, and so are all his descendants" (p. 351); Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper was "a rogue all his life" (p. 332). On the printed fly-leaf of vol. 3 he wrote: "The frequent expression 'upon the word of a king,' I

have always despised and detested for a thousand reasons." The Marquis of Montrose he calls "the only honest Scot." The Duke of York (James II.) was "a sorry admiral" (vol. iii. p. 108), and "Popery and cowardice stuck to him all his life" (p. 109); Cromwell was "a cursed hell-hound" (vol. iii. p. 241), and "a cursed dog" (p. 208); Argyle again (vol. iii. p. 272), "was that perpetual inhuman dog and traitor, and all his posterity, to a man, damnable villains;" finally, (vol. iii. p. 306), Roman Catholics and Presbyterians were "a blessed pair," and so on to the end; but we have selected these expressions as sufficiently characteristic of the writer, while there are many others of too coarse a texture to be suited for these pages.

As a postscript, we may add, on the authority of Alderman Banim, of Kilkenny, who communicated the fact to us, that when the old College of Kilkenny, in which Swift was educated, was about to be removed, the materials were sold by auction, and the desks, seats, and boards of the schoolroom became the property of Mr. Barnaby Scott, a thriving shopkeeper in the city of St. Canice. On one of the desks was cut the name—"Jonathan Swift"—no doubt by Swift's own hand and pocket knife. Mr. Barnaby Scott, solicitor, the son of the purchaser of the old desks, died in 1856; but previous to that event, he told Mr. Banim that, when a boy, he distinctly remembered to have seen the incised autograph, and added that this particular board was, with others of the same purchase, used for flooring his father's shop. The house has been lately rebuilt, but the floor of the shop was not disturbed; and it is more than probable that if any gentleman of antiquarian taste will communicate, in the proper manner, to Mr. Kenny Scott, the present proprietor, this interesting relic may yet be recovered.

## THE BATTLE OF MANNING FORD.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

[This battle was fought in the winter of 1643, by the troops of the Kilkenny Confederation, under Lord Castlehaven, against one of the armies of Murrough O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, commanded by Sir Charles Vavasour. The two armies came in sight of each other in the morning, and marched side by side during the greater part of the day, each watching for an advantageous battle ground. At length they reached the Ford of Manning, across the Funcheon, near Glanworth. Here Sir Charles Vavasour attempted to cross the river, but was attacked by Lord Castlehaven, and his army cut to pieces, after the manner told in the ballad. Sir Charles Vavasour himself was taken prisoner, and all his principal officers either slain or captured. In this battle all the standards, save one, of the enemy, fell into the hands of the Irish forces, together with the preys of cattle, the baggage, and seven or eight hundred stand of arms.] (CARTE'S *Ormond*. MEEHAN'S *Confederation of Kilkenny*, &c.)

### I.

I SHARPENED my sword in the morning, and buckled my basnet and jack,  
I clothed my steed in his harness, and cheerily sprung on his back;  
I rode over mountain and moorland, and never slack'd spur by the way,  
'Till I came to the green Pass of Ballar, and called up young Johnnie Dunlea!

### II.

Then down thro' that deep vale we clattered, and on by the hoarse-sounding rill,  
'Till we came to the strong House of Sloragh, and blew up our bugle full shrill;  
Then Diarmid, the Master of Slora, rode gallantly out with his men,  
And we shouted, "Hurrah, for the battle!" as onward we thundered again.



## III.

We swept like the wind thro' the valley—deep quagmire and trench we defied,  
And we knocked at the strong gate of Dangan, where Will of the Wood kept his bride;—  
How he pressed her sweet lips at the parting, and kissed off her tears o'er and o'er;  
But, alas! they flowed faster at even, for her bridegroom came back nevermore!

## IV.

Thro' the bog of Glendoran we waded, and up thro' the sere forest crashed,  
Then down o'er the broad spreading highland, a torrent of bright steel we dashed;  
And there how we shouted for gladness, as the glitter of spears we descried,  
From the army of bold Castlehaven, far off on the green mountain side!

## V.

I rode up to the brave Castlehaven, and asked for a place in his rank,  
And he said, "Keep ye shoulder to shoulder, and charge ye to-day from our flank!"  
And we marched 'neath his banner that morning, 'till fast by Lis Funcheon we lay,  
Just to drink a good *slainthe* to Ireland, and look to our arms for the fray.

## VI.

'Twas then as we gazed down the moorland, a horseman came wild spurring in,  
And he stinted his course not for thicket, for deep bog, or crag-strewn ravine,  
'Till his charger fell dead by our standard that waved in the bright morning glow;  
Then up to our chieftain he tottered, and told him his dark tale of woe!

## VII.

"Ho! Baron of broad Castlehaven! last night in the Tower of Cloghlea,  
The foe battered down our defences—save me, every man did they slay;  
And they brought forth their prisoners this morning, young maiden, and matron, and child,  
And led them, for bloodshed still burning, away thro' the brown forest wild!

## VIII.

"And there, by the Bridge of Glenullin, they murdered these poor prisoners all,  
And the demons they laughed as they slew them—ah! well did they free them from thrall—  
And now look ye sharp to the southward—on Vavasour comes with his horde,  
Then give him the murderer's guerdon, and pay him with bullet and sword!"

## IX.

We looked to the southward, and saw them with many a creact moving on,  
With the spoil of two counties behind them, by murder and treachery won;  
With a waving and flaunting of banners, and bright flashing arms did they come,  
With the clear shrilly clamour of trumpets, and the loud rolling tuck of the drum!

## X.

We answered their challenge as proudly, and threw out our skirmishers bold,  
Who pillaged their rere of the cattle, and thinned their broad van from the wold;  
And thus the two armies went onward, each watching its neighbour full keen,  
'Till we came to the rough slopes of Manning, with the bright Funcheon rolling between.

## XI.

Then out spurred our brave Castlehaven, his sword flashing bright in his hand,  
And he cried, "Now, my children, we've caught them, the foes of your dear native land,—  
Brave horsemen, bear down on their rereguard—brave footmen, strike hard on their flanks,  
'Till we give them a bed 'neath the Funcheon, or a grave cold and red by its banks!"

## XII.

Oh! then came the clanking of harness, and the roar of the onset full soon,  
And the neighing of steeds, and the champing, and the crash of the loud musquetoon;  
And the fierce rolling thunder of cannon, and the rattling of lances and swords,  
And the gloom and the glitter of battle, as we fell horse and foot on their hordes!

## XIII.

As the frost-loosened crags thunder downward, thro' the wild woods of steep Gaultymore,  
We rushed on their thick serried horsemen, and swept them adown to the shore ;  
As the grey wolves rush out from the forest, one flood of white fangs on their prey,  
Our fierce kerne sprang on their footmen, with blades ready pointed to slay !

## XIV.

And there 'twas all shouting and swearing, and the clanging of hard stroke on stroke,  
And the flourish of skeins o'er the vanquished, and the glittering of pikes thro' the smoke,—  
Till the Ford was half crossed by their footmen, and the river all red with their gore,  
'Till the horse thro' their thick ranks retreated, and we at their backs striking sore !

## XV.

There's a flat on the far side of Manning, with grey cliffs and wood every side,  
'Tis there in the blood of the foemen our pikes and our sabres we dyed ;  
'Tis there you'd have heard the loud clangour, as the steel went thro' corslet and breast,  
As we slew them, and slew till the sunset glared red o'er the hills of the west.

## XVI.

Fierce Vavasour rode by his standard, and stoutly he stood to the charge,  
But we took him and all his bold leaders full soon by that red river's marge ;  
And the pillage he swept from each hamlet, and the gold that he robbed from each town,  
By the ne'er failing ordeal of battle, was ours ere the red sun went down.

## XVII.

And the remnant that 'scaped from the slaughter, we chased over valley and wood,  
'Till each rough path was strewn with their corpses, each ford running red with their blood ;  
One flag-bearer 'scaped to Kilmallock, with banner all shattered and torn—  
Sad news to Black Murrough the Burner, the sight of that horseman forlorn !

## XVIII.

And soon o'er the red Ford of Manning we kindled our campfires full bright,  
And fast by the heaps of the slaughtered, oh ! wildly we revelled that night ;  
And we drank a good *slainthe* to Ireland, and one to our general brave,  
Who led us to triumph and glory that day by the Fucheeon's wild wave !

## NOCTES LOVANIENSES.

*The Monastery of Donegal.*

On the evening of the 16th of August, 1617, two Irish Franciscans were seated in the library of the house which they occupied at Louvain as a temporary domicile for themselves and community, pending the erection of the convent of St. Antony, the first stone of which had been laid a few months before by Albert and Isabella, joint sovereigns of the Netherlands. These two friars, Fathers Purcell and Mooney, were both advanced in years, but the latter, though considerably older than his companion, was still hale and vigorous, notwithstanding the austerities of cloister life and the hardships of his early career, for in youth he had been a soldier, and served in the army of the great Earl of Desmond till the power of that once mighty palatine was utterly destroyed. Tired of camp life, and hoping to pass the remainder of his days in the calm seclusion of a convent, he ultimately took the habit of St. Francis, and after due probation and a brief course of studies, was ordained priest, and advanced to various offices in the venerable

monastery of Donegal, where he resided till the year 1601. Father Purcell, unlike his colleague, Mooney, took the habit of St. Francis when he was a mere strippling, and proceeding to Rome, passed the greater part of his life in that city, where his learning, and, above all, his profound knowledge of the classics, placed him on a level with the most erudite of his day. Returning to Ireland, he resided for some time in the convent of St. Francis at Kilkenny, till at length the combined forces of O'Neill and O'Donnell were routed at Kinsale, and he, like most of his brethren, had to fly for shelter and protection to Louvain, where the Irish Franciscans met cordial welcome from Albert and Isabella. Indeed so solicitous were the Archdukes (the title by which the joint sovereigns were designated, without distinction of sex) for the comfort and advancement of the Irish Franciscans, that they not only assisted in person and with great pomp at the laying of the first stone of the Irish monastery at Louvain, but also bestowed considerable endowments upon it, in order that it might serve as a sanctuary for the persecuted Irish, and a seminary for the training of future missionaries.

At the period of which we are writing, Father Mooney was Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, and Father Purcell taught belles lettres, philosophy, and theology to the small community, the first of whom had been admitted to the novitiate in the year 1607. Next to his desire of beholding a spacious monastery erected for the Irish Franciscans in the old Flemish city, Father Mooney had nothing so much at heart as to leave behind him a history of the houses of his own order in Ireland; but although thoroughly acquainted with the annals that chronicled their foundation, and having been a personal witness of the terrible calamities that befel most of them, he nevertheless felt himself incompetent to write anything like a succinct narrative of their rise and fall. A history of the Irish Franciscan monasteries should be written in Latin, and Mooney's imperfect knowledge of that language deterred him from undertaking such a task. A man, the greater part of whose early life had been spent among kerne and galloglass, bivouacking in the glens of Aharlow, driving preys, and making fierce inroads on the bawns of the English, when they were wresting the fair valleys of Munster from the followers of Desmond, had little time, and perhaps less inclination, for the study of Thucydides or Tacitus. Nevertheless, from the moment he had renounced sparth and matchlock, and taken the cowl in Donegal, his mind was constantly set upon his cherished project, and he resolved to collect every available fragment of the history of the Irish Franciscan monasteries, trusting that he might one day meet some member of his Order able to digest and fashion them into a readable and interesting memoir.

This laudable ambition was stimulated by other considerations. The great families of O'Neill and O'Donnell had long been the benefactors of the Irish Franciscans in Ulster, nay, founders of their monasteries, and protectors of their Order at a time when English law proscribed their very existence, and decreed the dissolution of their time-honoured institutions. During the entire of that war which those two princes waged against Elizabeth, and which did not terminate till the crowning victory at Kinsale, Father Mooney passed much of his time in the camps of the chieftains, ministering to the wounded and dying on many a well-fought field, where their valour stemmed for a while the tide of English conquest. In fact, he witnessed all their fitful triumphs on the Blackwater, in Tyrone, as well as in the passes of the Curlew mountains in Connaught, and he finally beheld the French brigantine sailing away from Lough Swilly, freighted with the chief families of the old Celtic nobility, whose banishment and ruin involved that of his entire Order. At the time when he conceived the idea of writing a history of the Franciscan monasteries in Ireland, most of those chieftains were lying in their foreign graves, one, the greatest of them all, in Valladolid, and the others in the crypts of the Janiculum at Rome; but their representatives were still living on the precarious bounty of the Spanish government, some serving in the armies and fleets of that Power, and one in particular—Bernard, the son of

the great Earl of Tyrone—occupying the distinguished place of page to the Infante in the court of Albert and Isabella at Brussels. Gratitude for benefits conferred on the Irish Franciscans by the ancestors of those fallen chieftains, nay, and the remembrance of the protection which the latter extended to the Order during the reign of Elizabeth, were of themselves sufficient motives for leaving a lasting record of both—a record, too, which in all likelihood might advance the interests of the exiled nobles in the homes of their adoption, and secure for them the esteem and veneration of their compatriots, should Heaven (ah! the delusive hope!) ever restore them to their forfeited domains.

Influenced by such motives, Father Mooney spent the greater part of the year 1608 visiting the various monasteries of his order in Ireland, collecting, as we have already observed, every waif and stray that related to their early history, carefully treasuring the legends pertaining to each of them; and what is still of greater interest to us, faithfully chronicling the vicissitudes of those venerable institutions after the friars, or, as the annalists term them, "the sons of life," had been obliged to emigrate and seek shelter either in the unfrequented glens of their own land, or in the hospitable asylums which were thrown open to them on the Continent.

The memorabilia which he had thus gleaned and rescued from oblivion needed some careful hand to give them shape and order; and to the end that such a work might deserve a place in the library of the Irish convent of St. Antony at Louvain, then fast approaching completion, Father Purcell, in obedience to his superior, undertook the task of digesting the valuable papers which were committed to his charge, and translating them into Latin. On the evening we have already specified, the two friars were seated together poring over the pages which Father Purcell had just then perfected, and no sooner did Mooney's clear grey eye light upon the word "Donegal," than the tears streamed hot and fast down his channelled cheeks, and then, after a moment's pause, he turned to his companion and said: "Dear brother, read for me the history of that monastery I loved so well, aye, and that I love still, though it is now a lonely, rifted ruin. From time to time you must refresh my memory out of the pages which owe so much to your graceful Latinity; but mind that you read slowly, for my comprehension is growing dull, and,—if you can,—without that Italian pronunciation, to which these aged ears are but ill accustomed."

Father Purcell crossed his arms on his breast, bowed reverently to his superior, and then opening the volume at the place indicated, read in the original Latin, (of which we give a faithful version) the following history of the monastery of Donegal:—

It was in the year 1474, when the Franciscans were holding a provincial chapter in the monastery of Rosriel,\* that Nuala O'Connor, daughter of O'Connor Faily, one of the most potent of the Lagenian princes,

\* Near Tuam.

and wife of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, came accompanied by a brilliant following of high-born ladies, and a goodly escort of kerne and galloglass, to present an humble memorial to the assembled fathers. When the latter had duly considered the prayer of the Lady Nuala's memorial, they deputed the Provincial to inform her that they could not comply with her request at that moment, but that at some future time they would cheerfully send a colony of Franciscans to the principality of Tirconnell. "What!" replied the princess, sorely pained by the refusal, "I have journeyed fully a hundred miles to accomplish the object that has long been dearest to my heart, and will you now venture to spurn my prayer? If you do, beware of God's wrath; for I will appeal to his throne, and charge you with the loss of all the souls, which your reluctance may cause to perish in the territory of Tirconnell!" Earnest and energetic was the lady's pleading; so much so, indeed, that she ultimately overcame the hesitation of the friars, some of whom professed themselves ready to accompany her to Tirconnell. Proud of her success, the Lady Nuala then set out on her journey homewards, followed by a goodly number of Franciscans, who, when they arrived in the barony of Tir-Hugh, immediately commenced building the far-famed monastery at the head of the lovely bay of Donegal. Indeed the site was happily chosen, and nothing could excel the beauty of the prospect which it commanded. Hard by the windows of the refectory was the wharf, where foreign ships took in their cargoes of hides, fish, wool, linen cloth and falding; and there, too, came the galleons of Spain, laden with wine in exchange for the merchandise which the Lords of Tirconnell sent annually to the Brabant marts, then the great emporiums for the north of Europe. In sooth it was a lovely site, and sweetly suggestive of holy meditations. In the calm days of summer, when the broad expanse of the estuary lay still and unruffled, mirroring in its blue depths the over-canopying heaven, was it not a fair image of the unbroken tranquillity and peace to which the hearts of the recluses aspired? And in the gloomy winter nights, when the great crested waves rolled in majestic fury against the granitic headlands, would not the driving storm, wreck, and unavailing cry of drowning mariners remind the inmate of that monastery that he had chosen the safer part by abandoning a world where the tempest of the passions wreaks destruction far more appalling! But the Lady Nuala died before the building was finished, and good reason had the friars to cherish lasting remembrance of her piety and munificence. Her remains were interred in a vault which her widowed lord caused to be constructed almost under the grand altar, and he also determined that thenceforth his entire posterity should repose in the same crypt.

In the course of that year (1474), Hugh Roe O'Donnell took to his second wife, Fingalla, daughter of Conor O'Brien, king of Thomond; and this lady, emulating the virtues of her predecessor, spared no pains in forwarding the work, till at length she saw the monastery, with its church, cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, library, and other appurtenances, entirely completed.

The dedication of the sacred edifice took place in the same year, and a more solemn spectacle was never before witnessed in Tir-Hugh, nay not even in the days of blessed Columba—that greatest of all church-builders. The munificence of O'Donnell and his wife Fingalla to our friars was unbounded; for not satisfied with presenting rich altar furniture to the church, they also bestowed some cantreds of fertile glebe on the monastery, and, furthermore, gave the friars a perpetual right to fish for salmon, nay, and authorised them to build a weir just where the Esk empties its silvery waters into the bay. This was matter of great convenience to the monastery during the Lenten and other fasts which the rule of St. Francis prescribes; and indeed so much did salmon abound in the waters of the bay, that I myself, in the time of my noviciate, have often seen the friars taking, right under the windows of the infirmary, multitudes of this delicious fish at one haul of the net.

In the year 1505, Hugh O'Donnell, who at the instance of his first and second wife, conferred so many benefits on the Franciscans of Donegal, died in the castle which he had erected within bow-shot of the monastery, and was buried with great solemnity in the sepulchre that he caused to be built for his last resting-place. After his demise the lordship of Tirconnell devolved on his son, Hugh Oge, who was duly inaugurated at Kilmacrenan. As soon as his mother saw him in undisputed possession of his rights, she abandoned all the pomp and state of a princess, and caused a small residence to be erected for her near the monastery, and there passed the remainder of her days in prayer, almsgiving, and penitential austerities, till she was finally laid in the same tomb with her husband. He, indeed, was a full moon of hospitality, and during his reign such was the security for life and property in all the borders of Tirconnell, that the people only closed their doors to keep out the wind!

In the person of his successor the Donegal monastery had a faithful friend and zealous patron, who desired nothing so much as to have the vacancies caused by the decease of its early colonists, most of whom came from Connaught, filled up by natives of his own principality. And, indeed, his wish was ultimately realised, nor was it long till he saw a community of forty Franciscans, mostly his own native-born subjects, domiciled in Donegal.

In 1510 this Hugh Oge set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he spent two years, and on his way back to Ireland tarried sixteen weeks at the court of Henry VIII., who received him as an independent potentate. The career of this prince was singularly fortunate; for during his reign the seasons, and the sea itself, were favourable to the people of Tirconnell. As for the Franciscans, he was their constant benefactor, so much so, that when a general chapter of the Order met in the monastery of Donegal, he generously supplied that large assemblage with food and Spanish wines. Always triumphant in the field, he achieved the still grander victory over self, by taking the habit of St. Francis in



our monastery where he died and was buried in 1537. Two and twenty years previous to that period, Menelaus Mac Carmagan, Bishop of Raphoe, took our habit, and was buried in the same monastery; and in the year 1550, Rory O'Donnell, Bishop of Derry, feeling death approach, requested to be clothed in our coarse serge, and ordered that his remains should be laid in our cloister. Nor was it as a resting-place after their earthly race was run that the great and high-born desired our peaceful solitude: far otherwise indeed, for many a valiant chieftain, tired of life's transient glories, and many a noble of the oldest lineage, famed in bardic lay or chronicled in history, severing every tie that bound him to the world, came to Donegal, and there cast away sword, scutcheon, and all worldly vanities, for our poor habit and holy conversation. Long before the great emperor Charles abdicated an empire for the solitude of St. Just, princes of Conal Gulban's line might be seen in the cloistered shades of Donegal, enjoying that peace which nor he nor they could ever find in mundane glories.

Indeed during the one hundred and twenty seven years of its existence, no house of our Order, at home or abroad, could boast of men more distinguished for their virtues. But to anticipate all accidents of time, and rescue from oblivion the memory of one of our brotherhood whose wonderful sanctity shed lustre on the monastery of Donegal, I deem it my duty to record in these pages what I have learned of him from the lips of those who were living witnesses of his holy life; for, indeed, he was singularly blessed with the gift of miracles.

Father Bernard Gray,—surnamed "Pauper," from his unparalleled love of holy poverty—was a native of the ancient city of Clogher, where his opulent parents bestowed sedulous pains on his early education. Even from his infancy the child was the admiration of all who came in contact with him, and as he grew up, his virtues were the theme of every tongue. Arrived at man's estate, a powerful chieftain of Fermanagh offered him the hand, heart, and wide domains of his fair daughter; but the proposal was hardly made when Bernard disappeared from the scene of his childhood, and entered on his noviciate in the monastery of Donegal. During the entire of the probationary period his whole life was a practical commentary on the rules of our sainted founder, whose self-denial, and above all, love of poverty, were the constant subjects of his meditations. After completing his studies, and receiving the order of priesthood, Father Bernard's eminent virtues shone out, if possible, still more conspicuously, his love of retirement and total seclusion from the world, notwithstanding. Faithful in the discharge of all the monastic duties—always the first in the choir, when the midnight bell called the friars from their hard pallets, and glorying in the coarse habit for which he had cheerfully exchanged purple and fine linen; he, to all appearances, seemed to have inherited the glowing fervour, and profound humility for which holy Francis was celebrated during his mortal term.

The fame of this man's sanctity and wisdom soon

spread beyond the borders of Tirconnell, and reached the ears of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, who was then lord-deputy.\* Desirous of ascertaining what credit he should give to the marvellous anecdotes related of Father Bernard, the earl summoned him to Drogheda to preach in the presence of his entire court. Bernard obeyed; and so charmed was Kildare with his eloquence and piety, that he not only invited him to dine at his table, but gave him precedence of all his nobles. After dinner, Kildare requested him to entertain the company by narrating some passages in the life of St. Francis, and proving, at the same time, that God had bestowed the choicest privileges on this holy personage. Bernard did as he was told, and when he came to speak of the singular privileges with which God invested our holy founder, he pithily remarked: "Were there no other evidence of the transcendent honour with which the Lord has crowned blessed Francis, I think that what you have witnessed here to-day should be amply sufficient. Surely, my lord, when you treat with such deference a man wearing this poor habit, nay, and give him precedence of all your nobles, it must be manifest that God has exalted St. Francis to the highest place in the heavenly court." "I agree with you," replied the earl; "and I now proclaim to this noble company that you have read my inmost thoughts. I summoned you hither in order to test you in person, and when I gave you the most distinguished place at my board, I was actually thinking of the honour with which your holy founder has been received at the banquet of the heavenly court. I am now convinced that you are a special favourite of the Most High." Next day the earl craved his blessing, and dismissed him with many presents for the convent of Donegal.

As a complete narrative of the miracles wrought through the instrumentality of Father Bernard would fill many a goodly page, I will mention only a few of them here. One night in Lent, when it was his turn to serve the brethren at supper, the guardian playfully remarked that the fish was very bad, and that the salmon seemed to have deserted the weir which prince O'Donnell built for the benefit of our community. "The Cistercians of Ashro,"† said the guardian, "have salmon in abundance, and surely the Esk was ever fishful a river as Saimert‡ of the blue streams. How comes it, then, Father Bernard, that we take no salmon in our weir?" "I know not," replied the latter. "Well, then," continued the guardian, "I command you to bless the weir in the name of him, at whose word Simon's net was filled with fish till the meshes snapped asunder in the Lough of Genesareth. I know that you are a special instrument in the Almighty's hands; do then as I tell you." Bernard obeyed, and thenceforth the weir of our monastery never more lacked abundance of salmon and trout. On another

\* A.D. 1532.

† Ballyshannon, where the O'Cananans founded the Cistercian monastery in 1184.

‡ The old name of the Erne, which falls into the sea a short distance below Ballyshannon.

occasion a creaght,\* who used to receive alms for our monastery, came to tell him that a fatal distemper was destroying his sheep and cows. Bernard pitied the poor man, and gave him a vessel of water which he had blessed, telling him to sprinkle his flocks with it in the name of the Trinity. "Avoid," said he, "the spells and incantations of wicked people calling themselves fairy-men, but recite the credo and angelic salutation." The creaght hastened home, did as he was directed, and lo! his sheep recovered, and his cows, ever afterwards, gave more than the usual quantity of milk. In gratitude to God and Father Bernard, the man erected a mound of stones on the summit of *Drombearr*,† to commemorate such signal mercy, and even to this day that mound is called *Brian's Cairn*.

Singularly remarkable were the circumstances of this holy man's death; for when worn down by penitential austerities, Heaven forewarned him of the very hour of his dissolution. One evening, after vespers, the friars hastened to the infirmary, for they knew that he was in his last agony, and when they knelt round his poor pallet, after the supper-bell had rung, he raised himself up, and told them to go to the refectory. "Go, go," said he, "for my soul shall leave earth to-night, in company with that of the chanter of Armagh Cathedral." The friars obeyed his command, and on their return they found him kneeling, though dead, his sightless eyeballs turned heavenwards, and his rigid arms outstretched in attitude of prayer. This occurred in May, 1549, and the guardian lost no time in sending messengers to Armagh, to ascertain if Bernard's friend was still living. On their arrival they learned that the chanter had died at the very moment of Bernard's departure, and after telling those about him that on that same night a sanctified soul should leave Donegal Monastery for the kingdom of the just.

For fully half a century after the decease of this venerable brother, our monastery continued to flourish in peace and happiness under the fostering protection of the princes of Tirconnell. In the interval, countless fugitives from the Pale came with strange tidings to our friars, telling them how King Henry of England had decreed the spoliation of the religious houses, and how his immediate successor, and his wicked counsellors, had laid sacrilegious hands on the gold and silver of many a time-hallowed sanctuary. The Franciscans pitied their plundered brethren of the Pale, but they never dreamt that similar horrors were one day to overtake themselves. Wars, fierce and bloody, it is true, harried Tirconnell, when Shane O'Neill, in his mad ambition, strove to reduce all Ulster to his sway; but although the fields of Tir-Hugh were desolated by fire and sword, and the prince and princess of Tirconnell lay fettered in the stronghold of Shane the Proud, still no faggot reached our roof-tree, and no hand profaned our altars. Nor is it to be supposed that we lacked

wherewithal to tempt the cupidity of the sacrilegious, were such to be found among the clansmen of Tyrone or Tirconnell. Quite the contrary; for many years afterwards,‡ when I was sacristan, no monastery in the land could make a goodlier show of gold and silver than ours. During the time I held that office I had in my custody forty suits of vestments, many of them of cloth of gold and silver—some interwoven and brocaded with gold—the remainder silk. We had also sixteen silver chalices, all of which, two excepted, were washed with gold; nor should I forget two splendid ciboria inlaid with precious stones, and every other requisite for the altars. This rich furniture was the gift of the princes of Tirconnell, and, as I said before, no matter what preys the Tironians might lift off O'Donnell's lands, there was no one impious enough to desecrate or spoil our sacred treasure. We fed the poor, comforted them in their sorrows, educated the scions of the princely house to whom we owed everything; chronicled the achievements of their race, prayed for the souls of our founders and benefactors, chanted the divine offices day and night with great solemnity, and while thus engaged, the tide of war swept harmless by our hallowed walls.

But it was not heaven's will that our peaceful domicile should always be exempted from outrage and invasion, for, alas, the mad dissensions of the native princes precipitated their own ruin, which involved ours. The O'Donnell who then ruled the principality had grown old and imbecile; and were it not for the energy of his wife, who possessed the heart of a hero and the mind of a warrior, her younger son Donnell would have wrested the wand of chieftaincy from the feeble grasp of his hoary parent. The latter, it is true, had been valiant in his day; but his wars against Turlogh O'Neill, then the ally of Queen Elizabeth, and the blood and treasure he lavished in defeating domestic treason, rendered him unable to repel the encroachments of the English. To add to his miseries, his eldest son Hugh had been captured by the deputy Perrott, and re-committed to the dungeon of Dublin Castle, after an unavailing effort to baffle his pursuers. A second attempt, however, proved successful; for when the avaricious Fitzwilliam replaced his attainted predecessor, the former, for a bribe of a thousand pounds, given, as was said, by the Baron of Dungannon,§ connived at the flight of the illustrious captive, who, after tarrying ten days in the fastnesses of Glenmalur, spurred hard across the English Pale, and finally reached his father's castle of Ballyshannon.

Good reason had the people of Tirconnell to rejoice at the escape of Hugh Roe; for during his imprisonment the entire principality was plundered by Fitzwilliam's sheriffs and captains to whom he sold the appointments. The more remote the shire and the more Irish, the larger the sum paid. One Boen, for example, obtained a captaincy for a bribe of two gold

\* Anglied, grazier.

† The top of the reek.

‡ 1600-1.

§ Hugh O'Neill.

chains which he gave to the sordid deputy's wife, and another named Willis, got a similar preferment for sixty pounds. These unscrupulous marauders pillaged the country and held the heads of families in their gripe till ransomed, some for two hundred, others for three hundred, cows; and when the cattle were not forthcoming, they tortured their prisoners by frying the soles of their feet in seething butter and brimstone. As for our friars, they were obliged to betake themselves with their muniments and altar plate to the fastnesses of the mountains, to avoid Willis and his brigands, who, a few months before Hugh Roe's return, swooped down on Donegal in the dead of night, killing thirty of the inhabitants, and occupying the monastery as a garrison. But the day of deliverance was nigh, for Hugh Roe had hardly been inaugurated at Kilmacrenan, when he marched with his trusty clansmen on Donegal, and laid siege to the monastery into which Willis and his rabble had driven three hundred head of cattle. Sensible of the straits to which he was reduced, Willis threatened to fire the buildings, but the young prince, anxious to preserve the sacred edifice, suffered him and his people to depart unharmed. The friars returned immediately afterwards, and O'Donnell (for such was now his name and title) seeing the poverty of the district—swept so bare by the English—offered to support the community and repair the buildings out of his own revenues, if we would forego our usage of questing from door to door. The proposal, however, was declined, and the people, their scant means notwithstanding, shared their last morsel with us.

For fully nine years after the inauguration of Hugh Roe, the monastery of Donegal enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, for indeed the young prince, or as he was more generally styled, "the son of prophecy,"\* ever proved himself our special benefactor. After joining his forces with O'Neill's, these two great princes defeated Queen Elizabeth's armies on many a hard-fought field; nay, and so routed them, that her craftiest deputies and bravest marshals were often fain to sue for truce and peace, no matter how humiliating the conditions. Right heartily did the friars of Donegal pray for the success of their prince, for the repose of the clansmen who fell in his cause; and oh! how their jubilant voices made vault and cloistering when forty throats pealed out "Te Deum" for the defeat of Norris at Clontibret, Bagnal, on the field of the Yellow Ford, and Clifford, in the passes of the Curlew mountains! The father of Hugh Roe always assisted at those grand solemnities; for, after resigning the name and title of O'Donnell, he lived almost constantly among us, preparing himself for the better life, and doing penance for his sins, the weightiest of which was a cruel raid on the wrecked Spaniards of the Armada, whom he slew in Inishowen, at the

bidding of Deputy Fitzwilliam. He died full of years, and we buried him, clothed in our habit, in the tomb of the lords, his predecessors.

And lest it might be thought that the Franciscans were uncharitable to the enemies of O'Donnell, I will now state a fact which clears them of such imputation. When Morrogh, Lord Inchiquin, was slain by our prince's troops at the ford of Ballyshannon,† Burrough, the defeated deputy, had the body interred in the Cistercian church of that place. Three months afterwards, our friars claimed the remains; and when O'Donnell and two bishops decided the controversy in favour of us, we exhumed the corse, and buried it with great solemnity in the cloister of Donegal. Inchiquin was the foeman of our liege lord, but the O'Briens were always buried in Franciscan churches; and was not this Morrogh a scion of the race of the noble lady who did so much for the Franciscans when they first settled in Tir-Hugh?

In 1601 our community consisted of forty friars, and in that same year so memorable for direst calamities, the English government landed a large force of horse and foot under the command of Dowkra, on the shores of Lough Foyle. This General was instructed to sow dissensions among the Irish by setting up chieftain against chieftain, and holding out every bribe that might induce officers and men to abandon the standard of their liege lord. The scheme prospered, and, alas, that I should have to record it, Nial Garv, our prince's brother-in-law, went over to the enemy with a thousand of his followers. The perfidious wretch stipulated that he should have all Tirconnel as a reward for his treason, which placed Derry, Lifford, and many other strong places in the hands of the English. O'Donnell was in Thomond when the news of the revolt reached him, and he lost not a moment in hastening homewards to indict summary vengeance on his faithless kinsman, who combined the venom of a serpent with the impetuosity of a lion. Having had timely notice that Nial, with the revolted Irish and his English auxiliaries, were marching on Donegal, we placed all our sacred furniture in a ship, and removed it to a place of safety. I myself was the last to go on board that vessel; and as for the rest of the brotherhood they fled to the woody country, where they awaited the issue of the impending contest. On the tenth of August, the feast of St. Laurence martyr, Nial's troops took possession of our monastery and of another belonging to the Franciscans of the third Order, that lay close to it at Magharabeg.‡ Assisted by engineers from an English war ship at anchor in the bay, the traitor threw up earthworks before the two monasteries, strengthened the castle of Donegal, then considerably dilapidated, and made every preparation for a vigorous defence. Meanwhile O'Donnell arrived, pitched his camp at Carrig, within two thousand paces of Donegal, and resolved to give Nial and his followers

\* The prediction that when two Hughs should succeed each other as O'Donnells, frightened even Deputy Fitzwilliam; for writing to Burghley, June, 1593, he suggests that the matter should be referred to Dr. Daniel, a Protestant divine, who was afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and translated the New Testament into Irish.

† A.D. 1597.—Athcoolowing, on the Erne, between Belleek and Ballyshannon.

‡ The little plain.

no rest by night or day as long as they remained within the desecrated walls. A series of hand-to-hand conflicts, in which Nial's people suffered severely, ensued, and in the course of a fortnight many of the revolted Irish, repenting of their treason, deserted in twos and threes to our prince's camp. Cooped up in the monasteries, and so vigilantly watched by O'Donnell that they could not come out into the open country to lift preys, Nial's people began to mutiny, when lo, on the night of Michaelmas, the powder stored in the monastery of Donegal took fire (whether accidentally, or by the special interposition of heaven, I know not) and exploded with a terrific crash, that was heard far out at sea; nay, and scared the wild deer in the coverts of Barmesmore. Oh, the appalling spectacle! hundreds of the besieged were blown to atoms, others, and among the rest Nial's own brother, were crushed to death by masses of the rent masonry, and all that night while the woodwork of the buildings blazed like a red volcano, in whose glare friend and foe were distinctly visible to each other, O'Donnell's swordsmen pressed the survivors back across their trenches into the flames, where upwards of a thousand of them perished miserably. Nor should it be forgotten that a ship laden with munitions for the besieged, ran on a rock, and went to pieces that very night, just as she was entering the bay of Donegal. Next morning Nial proceeded, unobserved by O'Donnell's troops, along the strand to Magharabeg, and returned under cover of the guns of an English war vessel, with the soldiers he had left in that place, determined to maintain himself to the last, among the smouldering ruins of the burnt monastery.

O'Donnell immediately shifted his camp nearer to Donegal and continued the siege till October, when, being informed that the Spaniards had landed at Kinsale, he struck his tents, and marched to their assistance.

Let me draw a veil over the disasters which befel our prince, and console myself by recording that O'Dunlevy, a friar of Donegal, received his latest sigh, and that the Franciscan\* monastery of Valladolid holds his mortal remains.

In the year 1602, Oliver Lambert, the English governor of Connaught, seized the entire of our sacred furniture, which he desecrated, by turning the chalices into drinking cups, and ripping up the brocaded vestments for the vilest uses. Thus perished that fair monastery, with its treasures of gold, and silver, and precious books.

"Ergo tam doctæ nobis periire tabellæ,  
Scripta quibus pariter tot periire bona!"—

Some years afterwards, Rory the brother of O'Donnell who had obtained a considerable portion of the wide domains of his ancestors, together with the title of Earl (ah, how inferior to that with which the prince of Tírconnell used to be invested on the sacred rock of Kilmacrenan!) set about restoring the monastery of Donegal, but learning that the English were plotting against his

life, he fled with the great O'Neill to Rome, where they both died and were buried in the Franciscan monastery of the Janiculum. Thus were our poor friars left without a protector, and the rebuilding of the monastery unfinished. The English, who now possess the whole country, suffer the old friars to dree the residue of their years among the mountains and glens, because they know that they must all die out very soon; but they will not allow them to receive any young members. Such is the actual condition of our community in the neighbourhood of that once fair monastery I loved so well, and over whose ruins mine aged eyes have wept.

"But father," said Purcell, closing the book, "you have not told us how it fared with Nial Garv."

"May God assail him!" replied Mooney; "he was treated as he deserved—the English arrested him about two years after the flight of Earl Rory—and although Apsley, the lieutenant of London Tower, reports 'that Nial did the state as great service as any man of his nation, in the late queen's reign,' nevertheless, he and his son Naghtan, whom they took from Oxford College, are still held in chains, without hope of enlargement. Nial shared the fate of many other traitors;—the English used them for their own purposes as long as they required their infamous services, and when their work was done, flung them to rot in a dungeon."

At this moment a lay-brother entered the apartment, and told father Mooney that a courier from the court of the Archdukes was waiting to see him on a matter of serious moment. "Let him come in," replied the good friar, "for assuredly the Archdukes have unequalled claims to our poor attentions."

"Father," said the courier, as he crossed the threshold, "their Highnesses have charged me with a doleful mission. I have hidden in hot haste from Brussels, to inform you that Bernard O'Neill, son of the great Earl of Tyrone, and page to the Infante, has been found murdered in his apartment this afternoon."

"Murdered!" exclaimed the two friars.

"'Tis too true," continued the courier; "the fact has astounded all Brussels. The Court goes into mourning this very night, and the obsequies will take place to-morrow, in the cathedral of St. Gudule, where their Highnesses expect the presence of your reverend community."

"But what Judas perpetrated the horrid deed?" demanded the aged friar, covering his face with his hands;—"was it some fiend in human shape, like those whom Cecil and Mountjoy employed to assassinate his illustrious father by dagger or poison?"

"I know not," answered the courier; "for, as yet, the whole affair is shrouded in mystery. The noble youth was found strangled in his own lodgings, to which the murderers got access in the absence of his tutor and two valets, mere striplings, one of whom was Irish and the other French. Doubtless it would have been too perilous to attempt such an atrocity in the palace of the Archdukes, and the murderers—be they who they may—sought their opportunity in the page's private lodgings. His throat bears marks of violent compression;

\* Not a vestige of it remains at present.



and, after life was extinct, the perpetrators of this execrable villany suspended the corse by a cord five feet long, to make it appear that he committed suicide. Their Highnesses' surgeon, however, affirms, after a careful autopsy, that he was cruelly murdered. Who could think that *he* would commit suicide?"

"He!" interrupted the Provincial, "his noble soul never harboured such a base thought. Alas! alas! we knew him well, for his father entrusted him to the care of our friars here in Louvain, when he was only nine years old. Would to God that he had brought him with him to Rome, where he would have been farther removed from the sworn enemies of his race and creed! But heaven's will be done, and let us bow to its inscrutable behests. Dear, generous youth, what a hapless lot has been thine—how rapidly hast thou followed thy glorious father to the grave!" Among all thy compeers there was none like to thee, for comely face, virile gravity, and heroic virtue. Foremost in our schools, most distinguished in all science that became thy lofty lineage, thou wouldst have rivalled thy father's deathless deeds, had heaven spared thee to our hopes, and bleeding country. Ah! how often has this old heart thrilled with joy, when I heard the Archduchess call thee the fairest rose in her garland—and oh, with what ill-suppressed emotion have I listened to our Archduke, (whom may God preserve!) telling how, instead of being enervated by four years of court life, thy knowledge of book-lore, love of learned men, and skill in every chivalrous exercise, raised thee far above all thy young competitors. Woe to the impious hand that wrought the heinous deed—woe to the envious heart that conceived it. Envious! alas, doth not experience teach that the sordid and grovelling plod their way through life unharmed and little noticed, while those who channel a distinguished course for themselves, either by the innate force of their own genius, or the perpetuation of ancestral fame, become targets for the poisoned shafts of calumny; nay, and often objects of the murderer's implacable hatred? God rest thee, Bernard, son of Hugh! and since we cannot lay thee in thy father's grave, we will crave it as a boon that thy loved remains be given to us, and interred in our new church, where, unless my forecastings deceive me, many another Irish exile shall await the resurrection. Go, kind sir, and tell their Highnesses, that we will hasten to Brussels to-morrow morning, after having chanted Mass and requiem for the soul so untimely sent to its account."

"Father," continued the Provincial, addressing his colleague, after the courier had retired, "let us try to snatch a few hours' sleep, if the dolorous tidings we have just heard will suffer it to visit us. We will resume our reading some other time, and I will unfold certain matters of great interest which do not come within the scope of your volume. Pax tecum—good night!"

\* Hugh O'Neill died in 1616, just one year before the murder of his son.

## LAST MOMENTS.

BY CAVIARE.

ALL day the clouds loom, black and dead,  
Across the barren Southern lands;  
The wild rain slants before the blast  
That blows the swallows from the strands;  
Heavily shine the lilac lights  
Along the garden's blossomed wall;  
The lime trees shake their blanched boughs;  
The casements clash within the hall;  
The windows darken to the East;  
She dies before the setting day;  
Immortal brightness fixed burns  
Within her dark eyes. Let us pray.

The yellow, matted mignonette  
Smells rankly; and the eglantine  
Quivers with fear around the porch;  
The death-watch ticks, the mastiffs whine:  
The struggling, almond-rounded elms  
Scatter their sparse bloom; thro' the floor  
Up blows the dust; and, in the storm,  
The great clock beats the hours no more—  
'Tis dumb. Vast wings are quivering  
Amid the universal grey;  
Her pulse is low, her cheek is fired,  
She dies at twilight. Let us pray.

Three double violets, a leaf  
Of blowing myrtle; daisies red,  
Blue pansies and a wasted rose  
Are grouped beside the silent bed:  
She sees them, and her eyes are wet,  
For, glimmers, through the mournful clime,  
The flowered hedge-rows round the farm,  
And meadows fresh with early thyme.  
Speak low; whilst scarce her breath can stain  
The glass, one vast expiring ray  
Lights up her brain with splendours wild;  
Faint, and more faintly. Let us pray.

All day the moon, a golden span,  
Is bended in the Southern air;  
The willows whiten by the brooks;  
The hills are barred with troublous glare.

Sick breathings, from the garden p'ats,  
 The gusty casements penetrate;  
 The fierce laburnum winds its arms,  
 Like scattered fires, around the gate.  
 Moisten her lips, and cool her brow,  
 Kiss her cold palms; the awful day  
 Is falling, piled with thunder-clouds,  
 Below the forests. Let us pray.

The twilight thickens; and, forlorn,  
 The hawk across the lattice flies;  
 The purple-throated finches scream,  
 The peacock from the paddock cries.  
 The wind blows chilly from the west,  
 Thro' tracts of orange vapour rolled;  
 And broken lines of cattle stream  
 Across the bleak, abandoned wold.  
 Hark, to the bell! 'tis curfew time;  
 Kindle the night lamp. God! how grey  
 The light gleams through her closing lids—  
 Moon-lighted lilies. Let us pray.

At times, great footfalls labour slow  
 Along the arrased corridors;  
 Old portraits beckon from the walls,  
 Quaint faces gaze from open doors.  
 In minute calms of rain and wind,  
 The swallows whistle in the thatch;  
 The chimnies roar, the gables groan;  
 Thrice shakes the weather-rusted latch.  
 Abroad, amid the cloudy air,  
 One star shines faintly down the bay.  
 The angel of her spirit leans  
 Across the threshold. Let us pray.

A blaze of amber splendour streams  
 Around the couch from yonder cleft,  
 Of shadows cirqued before the sun;  
 Her pulse is still; her soul is left.  
 Chilly and white, but glorified,  
 The dead face, from the curtained gloom,  
 Gazes instinct with after life,  
 Across the bright, wainscotted room.  
 Put out the lights; quench all the fires;  
 Strew roses on her virgin clay.  
 The presences of angels fill  
 The house with terror. Let us pray.

## PADDY JOYCE'S CABIN.

GENTLE reader, if thou hast perused with due attention the preceding number of this miscellany, it will be unnecessary for us to describe to thee minutely the scene of the incidents which we are now about to relate; but if thou hast not enjoyed that delectable entertainment, it must suffice thee for the present to know that Glen Inagh, to which thou art about to be introduced, is a certain deep and picturesque valley formed by the ridge of mountains which separates Joyce-Country from Connemara, and the lofty and precipitous group of Bannabeola, which makes so conspicuous a feature in the scenery of the latter wild and barren district. It is now a great many years ago since a stranger, who had been practising Walton's gentle art in the lough from which the glen derives its name, sought shelter one afternoon from a violent storm in one of the cabins which then stood close under the eastern slope of Knockpasheemore. He had already been well drenched before he reached the cabin, and was glad to obtain a seat by the fire until the shower, as he hoped, should pass away. It was, however, no passing shower. The wind, which was from the North-west, freshened every moment, and sweeping through the opening of Lug-an-tarriv, where the Joyce Country mountains diverge to the North, was reverberated by the mountains on either side, and raged through the glen with a fury like that of a tornado. The frequent recurrence of similar storms had indeed taught the inhabitants the precaution of tying down the roofs of their houses by means of large stones suspended all round, and of adopting the like means to prevent their corn stacks and ricks of turf from being whirled off by the tempest. The scene on the occasion we refer to was appalling in its grandeur. Each mass of cloud, after traversing the Atlantic, and being augmented by the spray on the bold headlands of Moelrea and Cleggan, hurried by the base of Leenane and over the dreary heath that intervened, only to meet the naked sides of Bencorr, thence to be hurled back against Ben-y-vriccun, filling the glen with horrid turmoil, and pouring out its cataracts of rain until every stream was swelled into a torrent, that carried away rocks in its headlong course, and the bogs were converted into a spewy flood. It was such a storm as could only be witnessed among those western mountains so near the wild coast of the Atlantic; and it was a vain hope to expect that it would pass away that evening.

"'Tis a wild day—*Is lá fearúine*," said Paddy Joyce, the owner of the cabin, as he went now and then to the door and looked out on the raging tempest with an expression which betrayed no hope of a clear sky for that day.

The stranger, who was youthful, and whose appearance indicated high rank and refined manners, sat drying himself by the fire, but enjoyed the glimpses which he thence obtained through the cabin door of the tremendous scene of elemental strife which was passing outside, and the grandeur of which was enhanced by mo-

mentary apparitions of dark masses of the neighbouring mountains through the broken clouds. To him it seemed one of the most stupendous sights he had ever beheld.

"I fear it won't clear up to-night," said Paddy, after watching in vain for some clearance among the scudding clouds; "and it might cost you your life, sir, to get to Derryclare lodge in such weather as this."

"Well," replied the stranger, "I'll not regret being unable to go to the lodge, if it be no inconvenience to you that I should remain under your roof to-night."

"Musha, 'tis a poor place for the like of you," said Paddy; "but," he added with earnestness, "if it was a thousand times better, you'd be heartily welcome to it; so if you can put up with it for this night, make your mind easy. And I believe you may as well do so," he continued, giving a last look from the door; "for I am sure the storm will last all night."

It is a curious fact that those in Conamara who know English, speak it with a better accent than is heard among the same class in the interior of the country, and that its use was more general among the peasantry of that wild district a few years ago, than with those in the cultivated parts of the Western province. This is accounted for in a curious way by the people, who trace the peculiarity to a time—not a very remote one either—when Conamara was the common retreat of those whom cruel and unjust laws had driven from the pale of civilized society; but in the same proportion that the modern dialect has been usurping the place of the ancient Celtic language elsewhere, the use of English has declined in such secluded places as Glen Inagh. This, at least, was the case at the time of which we are writing; but Paddy Joyce was one of those who still remembered a little of the English which he once spoke with fluency when, residing near the coast, he held close intercourse with the bold smugglers who came that way; altho' his wife and children could only with difficulty speak a few words of English. Paddy Joyce's superior knowledge in this respect was very useful to his guest, who was an Englishman, and who could only judge of Irish by the impression which its rich but unfamiliar sounds made on organs accustomed only to the smooth accents of modern idioms. To him it seemed harsh and barbarous, as well as unintelligible; but there was nothing in the manner or expression of those around him to make him suspect that one word was uttered which would not have been spoken had his knowledge of the language been as perfect as their own.

Paddy now left the storm to howl and the rain to pour unheeded, and ordering a fresh supply of turf on the fire, joined his guest before the blazing hearth. In a little while a skib, smoking with hot and smiling potatoes, was produced, and deposited on the pot which had just been taken from the fire, and which was thus made to answer the purpose of a table. Some of the best of the potatoes were set apart with eggs and milk before the stranger, to whom hunger rendered the simple fare right palatable. By and by a few visitors, whom curiosity induced to brave the storm, came in

dripping with rain from the neighbouring cabins, and found places on sundry loose stones about the fire: the hearth was swept, the social circle drawn close together, and Paddy, who could tell an excellent story in his own way, related various adventures which befel him long ago with the smugglers. He described many a wonderful feat performed by Märya-na-da-watta, or Mary-of-the-two-masts, a craft rigged like a felucca, and which belonged to Martin O'Malley, of Killeen, the most famous and successful smuggler in those parts, at the close of the 18th century;—how she used to skim the rocks at Cleggan-head, and run within the breakers off Aughrus-point, defying the revenue cutter, which was in pursuit, to follow her; and how she would then deposit in safety, in some inlet of that iron-bound coast, the rich cargo of tobacco and brandy which she had carried from Guernsey, and a great deal more to the same effect. Paddy could also sing a good Irish song, and gave his company the *Bonnish Peggy-ny-Ara*, or "Wedding of Peggy O'Hara," in which Sweeny, a west Connaught bard of the last century, enumerated with characteristic attributes for each, the guests invited to the marriage-banquet, comprising representatives of all the old families of the country, to whom were added some of the *Muintir Cromwell*, or Cromwell's people, although, as the poet said, it was not right they should be there. All this Paddy interpreted to the satisfaction of his English guest; and his song was followed by a still better one from a young man who sat behind backs, and who threw his whole soul into the beautiful and pathetic strain of the love ditty which he poured forth.

As this seems a fitting place to introduce some other members of the fire-side circle to our readers, we may mention that besides Paddy Joyce and his wife, the family consisted of a young man and woman, their only children—the former called Mihale-Padrig, to distinguish him from other Michaels of the same numerous tribe of Joyce, in the village; and the latter a comely girl of eighteen, called Noreen, (the diminutive of Honora), also with the addition of her father's baptismal name by way of distinction. Noreen Joyce was adorned with personal charms of no ordinary character. Her features were regular, and she had all that gracefulness of figure and carriage in which the peasant girls of Conamara so frequently rival the far-famed beauties of Andalusia. Her complexion, it is true, had suffered a little both from the sun and the rude blasts of winter, but still it seemed fair when observed in contrast with the raven locks which flowed with a slight natural curl down her shoulders; and her sloe-black-eyes beamed with a soft expression from beneath a pair of long and pliant eyelashes. A certain reserve in her manner gave her an air of unsophisticated dignity: and although her dress was no better than that of the poorest of her class, being externally limited to a close jacket of red flannel and a petticoat of the same material, yet there were few girls in Conamara who appeared with equal grace in that simple costume. Noreen Joyce, however, had one fault. She was hard-hearted; or, at least, so thought young Emon Joyce, who was her betrothed lover, the

accepted of her parents, but upon whom she looked with a feeling of indifference; his addresses being received merely because she cared for no person in particular, except her parents and her brother.

It is unnecessary to tell those who know anything of an Irish cabin, that all the smoke which was produced on Paddy Joyce's hearth, did not usually find its way through the chimney; and on the night in question, it is no wonder if the contending blasts of the storm at the foot of Bennabeola often drove back the blue column that tried to escape through the aperture in the roof, whirling it down again into the faces of those who sat round the fire. This afforded capital sport to a young urchin who had perched himself on the sooty hob, almost behind the fire, and who seemed to delight in grinning, with ludicrous variations of countenance, as the smoke alternately filled his own eyes, or deserted them for those of his neighbours. This inconvenience was by no means so pleasant to Noreen, who was unwilling to distort her pretty features in the presence of her friends. Accordingly, after she had been persecuted by the smoke for a few minutes at one side of the fire, she removed to a place that had been vacated for her at the opposite side; but the change was useless. She had scarcely been re-seated, when a cloud of smoke, driven down by a thundering blast outside, followed her to her new position.

"Tis no lie, what every one says, but the smoke follows the handsomest," said a voice near the spot that had just been deserted by Paddy Joyce's charming daughter. The voice was the same that had so sweetly sung the plaintive song a while before, and was indeed no other than that of the infatuated Emon, who uttered even that simple compliment with a pathos that proved it came from his heart.

"If such be the case," observed the stranger, for whom the phrase was interpreted, "no smoke has ever shown better taste, nor do I think it could easily find equal beauty to annoy."

Noreen's blush showed that the substance of the compliment was understood by her. She looked prettier than before, and it was only then, as she sat directly opposite him, that the stranger had an opportunity of observing the effect of her beautiful features in full play. He perceived from the solemn air with which the father listened to his daughter's praise that any repetition of it would not be welcome, so he made no further allusion to Noreen's beauty; but if he curbed his tongue, he could not so easily restrain his eyes, and his glance often met that of the dark-eyed peasant girl, who, as often, averted from his gaze.

Somebody has compared the looks which are exchanged on such occasions to the encounters of an ill-assorted tournament, when one weak knight is always worsted at the first touch of his antagonist's lance, yet always returns to the conflict, as if tempted by the impunity with which he imagines that he receives the blows.

Noreen's dark eye rolled over the whole fire-side circle; even Emon came in for more of her looks than usual;

but, alas! was it not because there was in that circle a fair youth of gentle mien, who had just then said, with an air of such sincerity, that she was a very pretty girl? He had seen the great world, and ought to be a good judge of beauty; perhaps, too, he was some great man whose good opinion would have been prized by the fairest ladies; and poor Noreen thought it was no wonder if his good opinion were indeed prized by any one. Then, his glances seemed to say that he really thought as he spoke, for she read admiration in his calm, intelligent expression. When Emon or any other admirers hinted anything to her about love, they never looked into her face at all, but seemed to suffer more embarrassment themselves than she did; and now, for the first time in her life, she saw the soul speaking tenderly through that lustrous organ of its communication—the human eye.

"*Cá duvairt se?*" ("what did he say?") enquired Emon in a low voice of the *bean-a-tigh*, several minutes after the stranger's observation; for although Mrs. Joyce never attempted to speak English, it was well known that she understood it tolerably.

"He said," replied the mother, in Irish, and in a much louder voice than Emon's whisper, "that Nora is a very, very handsome girl; and that either the smoke or anybody else might search the world all over before a more beautiful colleen could be found."

At this paraphrase of the stranger's words, Noreen blushed more deeply than before, and Emon was sorry in his heart he had asked for the interpretation of such a piece of praise uttered by another.

"Then will you drop your nonsense?" said the father in an upbraiding tone; "'tis very well the gentleman does not understand you."

"Tis no nonsense at all," rejoined the mother, with good-humoured perseverance.

"Sure 'tis only what we'd all say," observed Emon, with a suppressed sigh: "there is not another girl in the world—"

"Do you hold your tongue at any rate: what do you know about the world?" said Noreen, interrupting her lover, who could only scratch his head to express his embarrassment. Noreen was never severe on any one but poor Emon.

"That is the way the women get their heads turned," observed her father.

"And 'tis hard to pity them," chimed in Noreen's brother.

Noreen looked thankfully at the stranger. He was the only one who had said anything kind of her, except her mother, and Emon; and the praise of the latter she disregarded. She looked again from one familiar face to another in the group; but although her eyes rested a whole minute on some—even on the begrimed visage of the urchin on the hob—they would not dwell a thousandth part of that time on the countenance that she sought to behold above all the others. In fact the stranger was an exceedingly handsome young man, of gentle and engaging manners; and the ease and homely air with which he enjoyed their hospitality, listening thoughtfully to the plaintive melody of their songs, and



entering into the spirit of all that portion of the conversation that he could understand, added, no doubt, to the interest with which his good looks inspired the heart of Noreen.

Thus passed the evening: the storm still raged in the glen, and at length the stranger retired to rest in the best bed which could be provided for him in Paddy Joyce's cabin.

Early next morning the crowing of a cock and other rural sounds awoke the guest from a refreshing slumber; but early as it was, the hum of Noreen's wheel reached his ear, and with that hum—which served as an accompanying bass—came the sweet tones of her voice singing a pathetic ditty, expressive of a maiden's ardent love. She had not sung the preceding night when others did; for an Irish peasant girl rarely exerts her vocal powers merely to be listened to, although she generally amuses herself with a song while spinning. Noreen showed on this occasion that she possessed a voice of no ordinary flexibility and sweetness; and, at the same time, the exercise of twirling the large rim of the woollen wheel, and then drawing out the lengthening thread from the spindle, exhibited her graceful figure to advantage.

When the stranger made his appearance, Noreen's song abruptly ceased, although her wheel continued its motion. Her mother was seated on the hearth supplying the rolls of wool from her cards; a good fire blazed under a pot of potatoes, and the sun shone in on a well-swept floor. The young man smiled when his eyes met those of the blushing girl, who looked even prettier than she did by the flickering fire-light the evening before.

"There is a great change in the weather since last night, thank God," said Paddy, who was just entering the cabin door, and who saluted the stranger in a respectful manner, hoping that he had been able to sleep in the wretched bed they could give him.

"Would that everything were better for your own sakes," said the stranger; "but, for my part, I have been very comfortable, and shall henceforth think better of life in a cabin than I did before. But," he added, looking round for his hat and fishing-tackle, "it is time I were gone; it will not be difficult now to make my way to the lodge at Derryclare."

"You'll not leave this house without your breakfast, sir, with all respect to you; though sure 'tis a bad breakfast that we can give you," said Paddy Joyce.

The stranger assured his host that that additional kindness was not necessary; but the rest of the family joined their earnestness to that of the man of the house; the good wife busied herself to accelerate the boiling of the potatoes; Noreen laid aside her wheel to prepare the table: and while their guest stood for a moment at the cabin door to enjoy the view of the overhanging mountains, whose sides were tinted with various transparent hues, all borrowed from the glorious sun which just then darted its rays from behind the summit of Ben-y-veccaun, the frugal breakfast was arranged. At length the moment for the stranger's departure came.

"God knows we are sorry to part with you," stam-

mered Mihale, as they were passing the threshold, with a great effort to bring his tongue round the English, for it was perhaps the first sentence of equal length he had ever uttered in that language.

But there was one in the cabin whom it grieved more than it did Mihale to part with him; and if the intercourse of refined society had not rendered his own heart less susceptible to impressions made under such a total disparity of circumstances, he might have acknowledged that he, too, felt a little sadness in the parting scene.—The men accompanied him outside; but when he had gone some twenty paces from the door, he appeared to have forgotten something, and returned. It was only to put a few pieces of silver in the hand of the bean-a-tigh, which he felt he could not do in the presence of her husband and son. She replaced the money in his hands, and forced his fingers on it, uttering vehemently at the same time some compliments in Irish. He then laid the money on the table; but the old woman seized it, and thrusting it into his pocket, was actually pushing him out of the house, so earnest was her refusal to accept anything like remuneration for her hospitality.

Puzzled by this touching generosity, the stranger then said—"since you won't take money from me, may be you would do me a favour."

"Och, I wish the like of us could serve you any way," exclaimed the warm-hearted woman, who, as well as Mihale, forced herself to speak English on the occasion.

"Well, you are going to the fair of Clifden, to-morrow, I think I heard you say?"

"Yes, indeed we are."

"Then the favour I ask is, that you will buy there, with this guinea, a nice gown for your own handsome Noreen."

"O bobo! O bobo!" exclaimed the poor woman, in amazement at the sight of the gold.

"You need not be frightened at it," said the young man; "I would not feel the loss of twenty pieces like it, so don't think it will injure me if you take it; on the contrary, you will oblige me."

The old woman looked at Noreen, then at the gold, then at the donor; and after a little pause, she said, with tears of joy and gratitude in her eyes—"Musha, I will take it, and—"

The stranger would not listen to her attempts to thank him, but hastened from the cabin, stopping, however, at the threshold to say that he would return again to visit them, as he intended to fish all the lakes for some miles around, and would not leave the country for a month at least. He then rejoined the men who were waiting for him a few perches from the house. The old woman came out, and standing on a projecting stone of the foundation, which raised her head as high as the thatch, she remained there praying for the welfare of their departed guest.

"May God give you prosperity as long as you live," she uttered over and over again, in Irish, with increasing fervour.

Noreen, whose heart was full during the scene that

had just passed, alone remained in the cabin, for the good reason that she could follow the young stranger with her eyes just as well by looking through the door, and could, besides, escape even her mother's observation in so doing.

Poor Noreen never felt so lonely as she did that day. She resumed her spinning, but did not accompany it with her usual song, until something whispered to her that the agreeable stranger would surely return, as he had promised to do, and then her occupation became as tuneful as ever. In fact her unguarded heart was already initiated in the mystery of love, although she never dreamt that it was so, and might have explained her own feelings, in her own mind, as nothing more than a little gratitude, and the commonest kind of liking in the world. But to make a long story short, the dress was bought, and was greatly admired; and after a few days the stranger returned, and for a whole week made Paddy Joyce's cabin his nightly resting-place, after the angling excursions of the day. Thither he brought all the fish he caught, and procured some of the necessaries and even luxuries of the table to be sent; so that it was a week of festivity and good cheer in that humble dwelling. During that time he took sundry opportunities to say flattering things to Noreen, either when she was alone, or in the company only of her mother; and his silent looks, which curled into a smile when her eyes met his, would sometimes express his admiration—for admiration he felt—although it was little more than what might have been inspired by the picture of that simple beauty, had it been introduced by an artist, to animate the wild scenery of her native glen. He was a man of honour, and harboured no thought of evil; but was either too ignorant of his own powers, or too reckless of the consequences to the feelings of the poor peasant girl in exercising his efforts to please; while Noreen, without perceiving the danger that impended, drank deeply of the infatuating cup of hopeless affection.

Among all who surrounded Noreen, Emon was the closest observer of what was passing. One evening, during the stranger's second visit, he ascended to a place where Noreen was sitting on the hill-side above the cabin, and the following dialogue took place:

"There is no use doubting it any longer, but I believe, Noreen, you love everybody in the world better than me," said the desponding Emon, after seating himself beside her on the heath.

"Sure no one could like you, when you are always teasing a body so; I wish you would leave me alone sometime," said the Glen Inagh beauty, pettishly.

"That is all the satisfaction you ever give me," said Emon; "but I believe you never liked me."

"And sure I never said I liked you," retorted Noreen.

Emon was silent for a moment.

"Well, I don't say, indeed, that you ever did; but—but I won't be troubling you any longer." Emon paused, lest a little quivering which he felt should betray his emotion. "My heart is broken," he resumed,

"and as I have no business here, I am going to America."

"I'm sorry for that, for your mother's sake," said Noreen.

"O, my mother can do without me," he replied.

"Sure, then, 'tis no loss to you to leave this poor place," was the only remark made on the subject by the cruel girl.

Emon was irritated at her insensibility.

"That is all you care," said he, upbraidingly; "but 'tis well I know what is coming over you, and you treat me now worse than ever."

"Oh, may God forgive those that have bad thoughts about their neighbours in their hearts!" exclaimed Noreen, whose conscience was awakened by the hint.

"May God forgive you, a colleen; and what is more, may He save you from harm!" said Emon, solemnly.

"Oh, the gentleman is coming!" said the girl, who heeded not her lover's last prayer, but had her eyes fixed on the stranger, as he was approaching with her brother along the almost dry bed of the stream which empties itself at the head of the lough.

"He is coming, and the sooner he goes the better for some people," rejoined Emon, mysteriously; and rising up to depart, he added, "God be with you, Nora Joyce!" and he left her alone.

On entering the cabin, Noreen told her mother that Emon was going to America, but she had no time to think much more about the matter then.

At length the stranger took his final leave of Paddy Joyce and his family, never again, perhaps, to think of them, unless, when describing to some friend his angling excursions in the west, it might occur to him to mention the lovely peasant girl he had seen in the secluded glen, among the Conamara mountains. But far otherwise was it with poor Noreen Joyce. If she had felt the cabin and the glen lonely when he had left before, her spirits were now fallen indeed, and she became a prey to sickening grief. She would not ask herself why she felt so, nor reflect for a moment on the madness of the infatuated passion which she cherished. She was a wayward girl, and brooding in private over the sorrow that consumed her heart, she confided her thoughts to no one, but abandoned herself inwardly to all their bitterness without restraint.

The next event in Glen Inagh was the departure of young Emon Joyce for America. The entreaties of his friends could not prevail on him to relinquish his purpose; but the real cause of his voluntary banishment he disclosed to no one, not even his mother, but to Noreen and her parents; the latter lamenting sincerely the result of their daughter's unkindness, which they were unable to control.

One evening the heart-rending sounds of the Irish cry were heard in the glen. They were those of Emon's mother; for the next morning her darling boy was to leave her—the ship that was to carry him beyond the Atlantic was at anchor in Galway Bay—and she bewailed him as if he were already dead. Noreen was sitting on the hill-side, where she used to watch of an

evening for the return of the fair and gentle stranger. She was combing her long black hair, but the wailing of Emon's mother went to her heart, and letting her hair fall loosely about her shoulders, she now cried bitterly herself. She was humbled as well as grieved, for her conscience reproved her as the cause of so much misery. At that moment Emon came to take his leave, and her tears gave him hopes which, however, her words soon dispelled.

"I am going far from you now, Noreen, and you never will have to say again that I am any trouble to you;" and he wept outright as he uttered the words.

"Forgive me, Emon; it is breaking my heart to think that I am the cause of all this to you and your mother, but I cannot help it—indeed, I cannot. I never can love you, nor any body else, Emon; I never will marry any one—never, never!" said Noreen, sobbing.

They parted, and on good terms; but Emon thought his heart would come up into his mouth and choke him, as he said: "God be with you for ever, *a colleen ma chree*!"

Noreen now had plenty of time for her grief. Sighs oftener than songs accompanied the humming of her spinning-wheel; and when she did sing, it was in such a plaintive strain, that it would touch the hearts of others with sorrow, like that which was eating away her own. Her favourite air was that of an expressive old song, in the sweet Irish words of which a maiden laments the long and winding ways which separate her from her true love, and tells him how she would follow him "across hills and mountains, and all the world over," for the love she bore him; and then her song would be invariably interrupted with an "Och ón! och ón!" as heavy and sorrowful as if her heart was breaking; and she would go out to grieve away in her favourite seat on the hill-side, looking towards the mournful mountains which enclosed her all around; and endeavouring to form some vague notion of the great world that lay beyond them, and in which the idol of her soul lived in happiness without remembering her.

At length it happened, that in one of these sad musings on the moist heath, poor Noreen remained out later than usual, and caught a heavy cold, which soon seized upon her system in a most formidable way. The hollow cough grew worse; she wasted away; and her parents, although they did not see how very fatal the symptoms were, became alarmed. One day the poor invalid was apparently enjoying a deep slumber on her wretched pallet of straw near the fire. Her mother sat opposite, so as to keep her eyes on her wan and worn features, and with her sat a strange woman, who had great fame as a doctress, and came to visit the patient.

"Boil dandelion, and brooklime, and hoarhound for her," said the woman, "and let her drink it morning, noon, and night; but, indeed," she added, in a kind of whisper, "I am sorry to say that your daughter has little chance to live many days, for it is the worst kind of decay she has."

"Oh! thank God! thank God for that!" muttered

the poor invalid, whose heavy breathing had made them suppose that she was asleep.

Thenceforth her mother watched unceasingly at her bed-side; and her father, too, remained at home. All his affections were centred in his own black-eyed Noreen, and what use, he thought, was it for him to try to continue his work in the fields, when she was going to leave him?

"Give me the gown, mother?" said Noreen, one evening, when some of the neighbours who had come to inquire about her had left, and no one was present but her parents.

"I will never part with it again;" she said, when her mother had complied with her request; and she made an effort to place the dear memorial under her head.

"I don't think you were the same, *a gra!* since that same gown came into the house," said her father, sorrowfully.

"Oh! I wish he that gave it to me were here now, at any rate," sighed the poor girl, in reply.

"*Wirra stru! wirra stru!*" exclaimed the mother, in a tone of the bitterest lamentation, and clapping her hands in agony; "the lord have pity on you, *mo vorneen*, if that be the way with you!"

That was, indeed, the first hint that Noreen had given her parents of the fatal impression which the stranger had made upon her heart.

A day or two after this the priest came to administer the last sacraments. It was another rough and stormy day, and he had to travel all the way from Clifden; Mihale, with bare head and feet, leading his reverence's horse over the more difficult passes; while the good clergyman, who fortunately had not often to penetrate into that distant, and all but inaccessible angle of his parish, looked around on the appalling majesty of the cloud-capt mountains with an expression which seemed to say—"Glory be for ever to the great Creator!" He fulfilled his sacred mission and departed; and he was not long gone when Noreen called her mother, and asking her to remove the gown which she had made her pillow, faintly said:—"I don't want that any more." It was only one short week after, when the echoes of Bannabeola were awakened by the sorrowful wailing of the Caoina, or Irish cry, as Noreen Joyce was carried over the mountains to her early grave.

Twelve months having passed away since this sad catastrophe of our tale, let us take another peep into Paddy Joyce's lonely cabin. Alas! how lonely it was then! The men had gone out early to their work; the sun was pouring in a flood of light through the open door, marking on the empty floor his unheeded progress; the only living creature there was an old woman, sitting by the cinders with her head between her hands. The dreary silence was disturbed for a moment by the cackling of a hen, and all was silent as before. Then a pig entered, and finding no food withdrew; and again there was silence. Next, something darkened the door, and a voice uttered the usual salutation—"Go mbunna a Dia in sho—God bless all here!"

"Emon, a vorneen, you are welcome; when did you come back?" exclaimed the old woman, with feelings of surprise and gladness.

"This is the first house I have yet entered in Glen Inagh," said Emon; "I could not live far away from that rogue, Noreen; and so I have come home again; where is my darling girl?"

Emon, indeed, had been travelling all night from Galway, and Paddy Joyce's house was the first he met on his arrival home; he had not yet heard of Noreen's death; his enquiry, therefore, renewed all the anguish of the disconsolate mother, and her heart-rending lament first told him the sad tale. He pined away, and soon followed poor Noreen to the grave.

### PLANTATION OF IRELAND.

It has been generally supposed that the celebrated Bacon—"the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"—suggested the plan of outrooting the native Irish, and allocating their lands to English settlers. Such, however, is not the fact; for much as the famous Lord-Keeper might have desired to bring about such a consummation, the wholesale plunder of the old Irish in Ulster was systematically devised as early as 1597, by one John Bell, vicar of Christ's Church, Dublin, who wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and dedicated it to Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's chief counsellor. We subjoin a few extracts from this rare document, of which there is a copy in the British Museum. Honest Mr. Bell suggests that—

"The Crown should divide the land into lots of 300 acres, at £5 yearly rent, for English undertakers, who should maintain 10 men (English) and 10 women, who now live in England by begging and naughty shifts;—while single to have two acres, married, four acres of the 300;—which was to be circumvallated by a deep trench, or fosse." He continues—"If upon Tirone's lands 2,000 English families be planted, her Majesty's profit would at once be £10,000; besides, having 4,000 soldiers at hand without pay, for every two of the ten men should serve in turn three months each year,—the act would be *motherly* and honourable for her Highness. To the bishops, there should be given, in fee simple, 1,200 acres, at £20 a year, upon every 300 acres of which the ten men and women are to be maintained, upon the like conditions; the inferior clergy, down to parson and curate, to have 600 acres upon proportionate rent and service. If her Majesty's heart be moved by this device, there shall not be a beggar in England; a work of great profit, great strength, and great glory to the Queen, great love to her subjects, and singular mercy towards her meanest subjects, in that she giveth house and lands in Ireland to those that, in England, have not a hole to hide their heads in. The trench round about would barr Irish rebels coming suddenly trotting and jumping upon the good English subjects."

From first to last the parson forgets any provision for the dispossessed Irish—does not even provide Connaught for them. He concludes thus:—

"I will not say as Joshua and Caleb said, if the Lord have a favor unto us; but I will say, the Lord having a special love unto us, God hath given Ireland to her Majesty—a country most sweet, most wholesome, and most fruitful to dwell in; so full of springs, so full of rivers, so full of lakes, so full of fish, so full of cattle, and so full of fowl, that there is not a country upon the face of the earth more beneficial to the life of man."

### BATTLE OF TUISSACE.

[WE will be obliged to any of our northern readers who will identify the scene of the battle between Sir John Norris and Hugh O'Neill, so graphically described in the following State paper. An officer who was present, writing from Newry, states that the encounter took place eight miles *this side* of Armagh, at the *Tuissace*. What or where is the *Tuissace* ?]

September 12, 1595, Dublin.—Report of Captain Francis Stafford, of the late engagement between Sir John Norris and the Earl of Tirone, when the Lieutenant-general went to victual Armagh, and the return to Newry.

September 1. Being 3 miles from Newry, the Lieutenant-general dislodged the army, 1800 foot, 350 horse, and marched towards Armagh, with 50 garrons laden with biscuit. He encamped that day 5 miles from Armagh, without any disquiet from the enemy.

September 2. Being Monday, he marched to Armagh, and delivered the biscuit, and ordered the marshal to march half a mile beyond the town and encamp, which was done, and then was discovered the enemy in force, horse and foot. One troop of ours was then stationed on a hill one side of the camp, and another troop on another hill, till the foragers were come in. Not far from the camp was a coppice, in which some of the enemy's shot were discovered. The lieutenant-general, deeming the wood might be a place of annoyance, ordered 100 shot and pike to guard the wood-side next the enemy; and a strong guard was placed all night to protect the camp, and to repel any attacks that might be made by them.

September 5. We dislodged and drew towards Newry, but we had not marched more than two miles, when we were pursued by the enemy. The carriages and baggage were all placed with the vanguard. As nothing was attempted, we supposed they would retire; but after a march of seven miles, I espied on the left hand all the enemy's foot coming with all speed to annoy us at the river, which we must pass; and there was also bog and wood. I advised the captain to clear the carriages and vanguard before the enemy would possess the place, which we did, and freed our baggage. The General, the marshal, Sir Thomas Norris, Captain Richard Wingfield, Captain George Thornton, Henry Denny, and all other gentlemen of account with the rearward and the horse, charged the enemy up the hill, but in the charge the enemy's foot seized the ford, wood and bogs. Returning from the charge, the General ordered the rearward to drive the enemy out; they fell in fight for the space of two hours, when our soldiers began to retire, their powder failing, when the enemy at once charged over the ford. The General himself with the horse charged them, and drove them back to the opposite bank, where they turned and stood firm. The General sent for more powder, and ordered up the vanguard with all the shot and bowmen to occupy a little bog on the left hand, where the General, the marshal, Sir Thomas Norris, and the horse stood, where they played upon the General and his troop, without any resistance, my Lord General being but in his doublet and hose; and all the rest of the gentlemen made good the place. The General's English gelding was wounded 4 times, and the General received a shot in the belly, and another in his right arm; Sir Thomas Norris was shot through the left thigh, and his horse killed; Captain Wingfield through the left elbow, and lost his arm; Lieutenant West was killed. The General remounted, with divers others whose horses were killed. The vanguard were then ordered to enter the ford, the marshal, Henry Denny and myself, with the General's own troop, attending us. I protest the enemy never shocked, but stood very firm; but never daunted, we charged them; they retired slowly, but not far, and then turned their face again, and then slowly retired. We then retired upon our baggage, with all our dead upon horses, which we buried in camp, about a mile from where the fight was.